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DOCTOR WHO MAGAZ

DWM 275 • 10 Mar 1999
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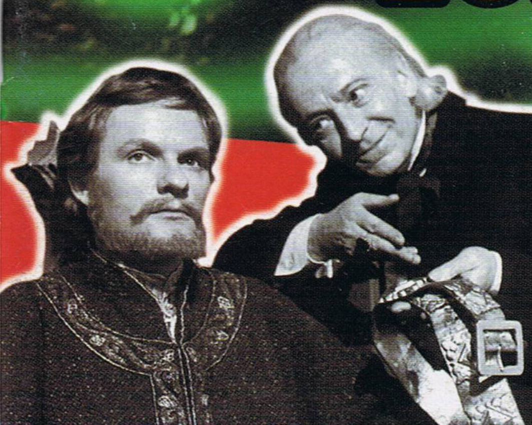
THE WITCH REPORT

Angela Bruce and Marcus Gilbert remember days and knights on the Battlefield



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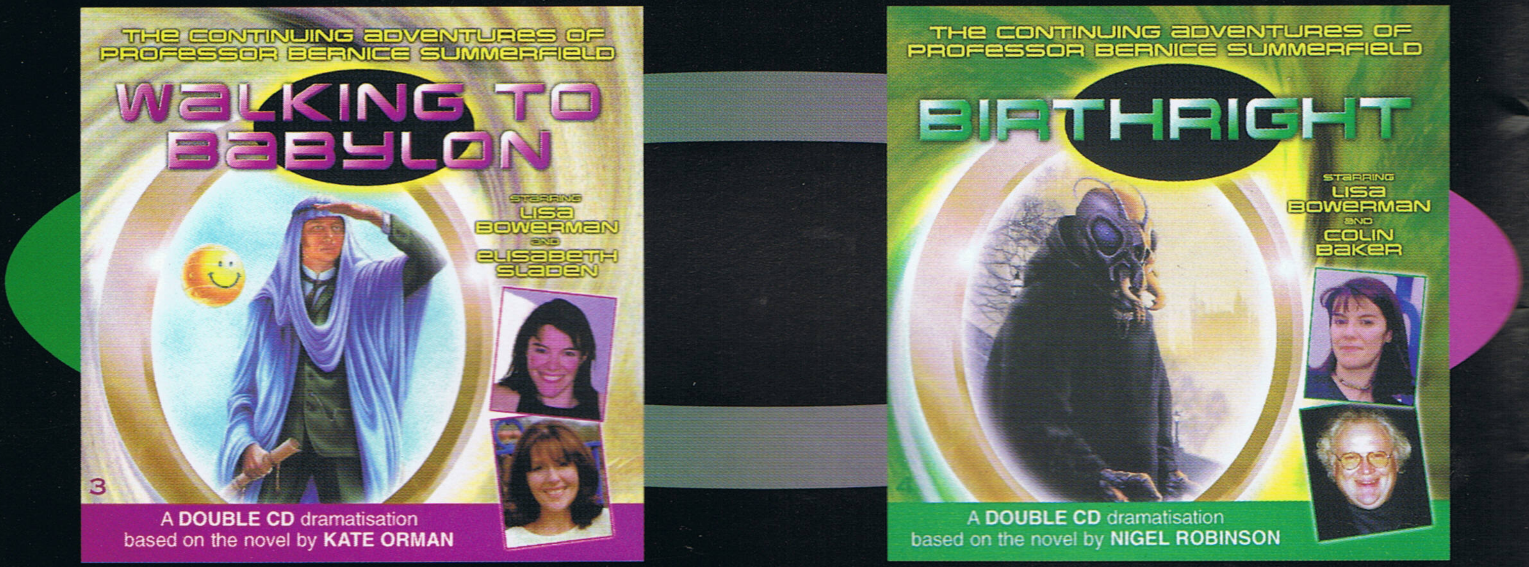
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3
A DOUBLE CD dramatisation based on the novel by KATE ORMAN
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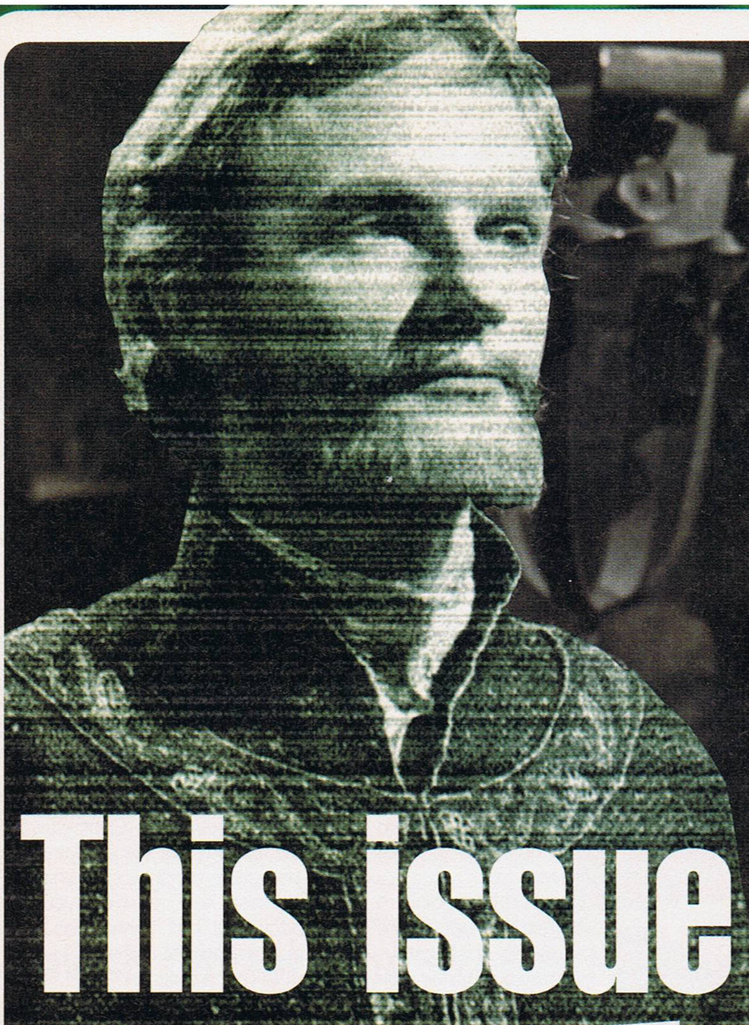

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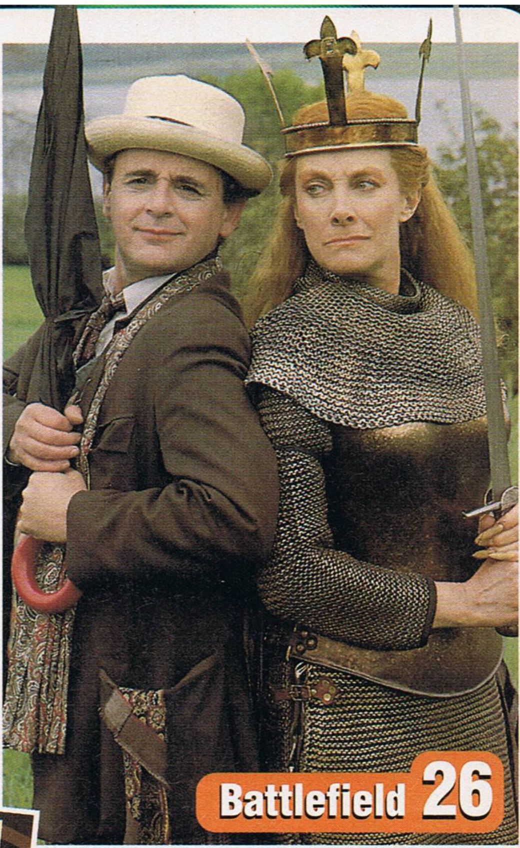

THE NEW
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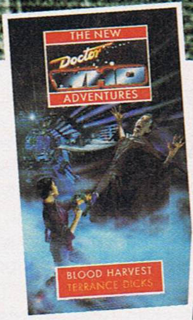

DOCTOR WHO
CATASTROPHEA
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Crivvens! What the jiggins are you doing reading this bit first? If you've not done so already, flick your fingers feverishly over to our *Gallifrey Guardian* pages – that's immediately overleaf, plus a bonus extra spread on pp 24-25 – to take in two of the most important *Doctor Who* news stories to appear in simply *aaages* . . .

Assuming you've done that, gone a bit trembly and since sat down with a nice cuppa tea and a packet of Hob-Nobs to steady your nerves, you'll be ready for the regular **DWM** rough-and-tumble. This issue's main feature casts new light on one of fandom's darkest underbellies: the phenomenon of the strictly unlicenced video tribute. This is never, of course, to be confused with a bunch of prannies playing at Daleks on suburban scrubland until it's time for tea – or the HP agreement on the director's uncle's Dixons Handycam expires, whichever's soonest. Don't get the wrong impression – for me, this feature has a very particular personal resonance, and people in glass houses shouldn't cast the first clout, or whatever . . .

You see, I wasn't always the bright, thrusting young **DWM** co-Ed you know today; in a former life, blind overambition led me to sign on a film/media course at a South Coast polyversity. Arsing about on Dorset shorelines with a U-Matic camera and a furry boom mike beat three years' earnest library study at a rugged redbrick Uni, I figured – and (O youthful exuberance!) I had a yet more cunning plan . . .

At the end of Year Two, a number of special Summer Projects were assigned, which meant that a select group got to make their Epic, with all the resources of a professional TV company thrown behind it – a week's location with a six-strong crew, a week in a four-camera studio with a proper lighting rig, CSO, *everything.* This was my moment, I figured, and I was going to seize the day by making my *Doctor Who* magnum opus on the taxpayers' purse, *The Revenge of the Monsters of Fear in Space* (working title). On completion, I would have it biked round to the BBC; overcome by the spangly spectacle and sheer Saturdayness of it all, the Director-General would simply *have* to assign me the producership of *Doctor Who* with a salty tear, a manly backslap and a six-figure salary cheque.

As you can probably tell, it didn't happen quite like that. In fact, it didn't happen at all; I was talked out of it by my peers, the distant possibility of a holiday placement on real *Who* containing my disappointment. (After all, that bloke in the Third Year, Leigh Poole, had worked on *Survival* last summer . . .) I made a 'politically radical' Bond flick instead – and no, Cubby Broccoli didn't return my calls. The moral of the story? Well, there isn't one. But, watching the VHS labours of the bright young things featured this issue – good, bad and indifferent – it wasn't so much that I wished I could go back in time and make my film . . .

No, I just wished I could *join in.*

Editors **Gary Gillatt**
Alan Barnes
Design **Peri Godbold**

Thanks to **Richard Bignell**, **John Binns**, **Vanessa Bishop**, **Angela Bruce**, **Steve Cole**, **Sue Cowley**, **Robin Craine**, **Richard Develyn**, **Terrance Dicks**, **David Gibbes-Auger**, **Marcus Gilbert**, **Dennis Greenaway**, **Graham Howard**, **David J Howe**, **Richard Molesworth**, **Jon Preddle**, **Jac Rayner**, **Julie Rogers**, **Adrian Rigelsford**, **Steve Roberts**, **Gary Russell**, **Ed Salt**, **Paul Scoones**, **Damian Shanahan**, **Mike Tucker**, **Jan Vincent-Rudzki**, **Peter Ware**, **Martin Wiggins**, **BBC Books**, **BBC Video** and **Big Finish**

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Gallifrey Guardian

WORLD EXCLUSIVE! Doctors unite for "canonical" drama

BBC approves new Doctor Who audio plays

Big Finish Productions, the company behind the recent audio dramatisations of the Bernice Summerfield *New Adventures* novels, has secured a ground-breaking licence to produce all-new, full-length *Doctor Who* audio dramas.

The stories will be recorded in a fully-dramatised radio play format using a number of established Doctor and companion pairings. They will be available from major audio stockists from the summer.

Key players in this lengthy and delicate negotiation were Big Finish producers Jason Haigh-Ellery and Gary Russell (the latter a former **DWM** editor).

Russell explained the background to the deal to *Gallifrey Guardian*: "We first contacted BBC Worldwide regarding the idea of doing fresh, original *Doctor Who* audio drama about two years ago. At that time, everything was in a state of flux due to the Paul McGann TV Movie and they were understandably reluctant to licence the franchise out. So we went off and secured the licence to do Virgin's *New Adventures* output – partly out of a desire to prove science fiction could be done on audio, but also to show the BBC we were professional and prepared to go through the correct procedures. Subsequently they listened to what we had done and offered us the licence towards the end of last year."

Jason Haigh-Ellery takes up the story. "It's been a marvellous opportunity for everyone involved in Big Finish. As fans of the show and as a going commercial concern, it is the absolute zenith of our output so far. It's an honour to be officially asked to bring *Doctor Who* back, but it is quite nerve-wracking. As fans ourselves, we understand the scrutiny we could be under from fandom, but it's up to us to meet the challenge head-on."

Russell agrees. "This is going to be great fun, but we are tempering that enthusiasm with the knowledge that we must do our very best to provide a service which people want now and will continue to want in the future."

To ensure that the plays remain faithful to the *Doctor Who* TV series in terms of style and content, BBC Worldwide has understandably insisted upon the right to approve all storylines and scripts. To this end, Stephen Cole – consultant to the *Doctor Who* book and video ranges at Worldwide – has been appointed executive producer for the BBC for Big Finish's *Doctor Who* output.

Cole commented: "As far as the BBC is concerned, these new stories are seen as part of the official *Doctor Who* canon. A great deal of responsibility comes with that status, and Worldwide did not assign this licence without careful thought. I will do everything I can to help Big Finish produce new *Doctor Who* to the highest possible standard and for the widest possible audience."

The first of the plays is likely to be recorded in the spring for an early summer release. Successive dramas will follow at the rate of one four-part story every two months.

Big Finish is a relatively young company, but has already issued five audio dramatisations of Virgin novels to much acclaim.

Last year, BBV producer Bill Baggs entered the audio market with a series of unlicenced plays in a *Doctor Who* style featuring Sylvester McCoy as 'the Professor' and Sophie Aldred recreating her TV role as Ace. Upcoming releases in the range will see the characters renamed 'Dominie' and 'Alice', presumably to avoid any allegation of copyright breach.

Having secured the official licence, Big Finish will have to make no such compromises, and are free to use the *Doctor Who* logo and key concepts from the series as they please.

Q&A Gary Russell, Big Finish

Which Doctors do you hope to use?

So far we have had agreements from both Sylvester McCoy and Colin Baker to appear and we are waiting on a response from Peter Davison. We are obviously going to be talking to representatives of both Tom Baker and Paul McGann in the very near future.

Will they be paired with their original companions?

Again, providing the actors wish to resume their roles, yes.

Why not carry on with Paul McGann from where the TV Movie left off?

One of the things we are keen to do should we work with Paul is tie the plays in with the BBC's range of novels – it would be a foolhardy waste of the existing market to ignore them.

Why not create an all-new Doctor and companion team?

I think that is something reserved for BBC Television or BBC Films to do – we are aware that BBC Worldwide are not keen on regenerating the McGann model just yet!

What type of stories can we expect?

Expectations have moved on since the series was on air last, but we must reach a larger audience than just the fanbase to make the series viable. I'm a *Doctor* Who traditionalist at heart, but with both Steve and Jason's input, I think, as with the books, there'll be stories to pique everyone's interest, much as there was on TV. I'm certainly keen to retain the flavour of each Doctor's era.

Who will be writing them?

Nick Briggs is doing the first story, *The Sirens of Time*, which is planned as a sort of 'multi-Doctor' story, but with a twist. More a kind of three individual stories, with them finally coming together to solve a linking mystery in the last episode. In January we had a preliminary meeting with some writers, and everyone seemed very keen. We've talked to established TV writers like Marc Platt, Paul Cornell and Steven Moffatt as well as people from the book range like Justin Richards, Andy Lane and Mark Gatiss – people I know and trust to understand what *Doctor Who* in an alternative medium can achieve.

Will you be producing cassettes or CDs?

Both – the cassettes will be available in high street stores, the CDs through mail-order and specialist shops. Each four-part story will be split across two tapes or two CDs.

Will the Bernice plays continue?

Oh yes – we've not come this far just to drop that range because we've got another. Initially the Benny output might lessen while we get *Doctor Who* up and running, but it makes sense both commercially and, more importantly for us, creatively to have more than one strand of productions out there. And maybe I can convince Paul Cornell, Benny's creator, to do us a play bringing the two universes back together.

How does it feel being one of the new producers of *Doctor Who*?

Bizarre. Flattering. Daunting. Exciting. Oh, and the job I've always wanted!

Schedule interrupted to make way for recovered Crusade instalment

The Lion on video ASAP, says Worldwide

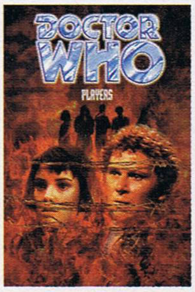
Further to January's shock discovery of *The Lion*, the previously lost first episode of Hartnell adventure *The Crusade*, in New Zealand [see our *Gallifrey Guardian News Extra* on pages 24-25 for full details], BBC Worldwide's *Doctor Who* consultant Stephen Cole has confirmed that BBC Video is keen to release the episode as soon as possible, and will interrupt its regular release schedule to do so.

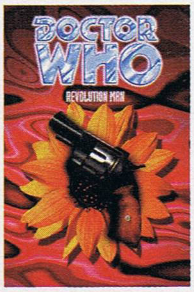
At this early stage, precise details are yet to be confirmed, but it is likely that BBC Video will aim to release the two extant *Crusade* instalments with a linking narration to cover the still-missing second and fourth parts in May or June, most likely alongside the as-yet-unreleased *The Space Museum*, the adventure which immediately follows *The Crusade* – clearances and clean-up permitting.

On the novels front, Gary Russell's *Divided Loyalties* has swapped places in the 'past Doctors' schedule with Chris Boucher's *Robots of Death* sequel *Corpse Marker* – which will now appear in July, two months later than planned. October's Eighth Doctor title has been confirmed as *The Taking of Planet 5*, by Bernice *New Adventures* writers Simon Bucher-Jones and Mark Clapham.

Pictured right are covers for BBC Books' April novels, Sixth Doctor and Peri adventure *Players* by Terrance Dicks and Paul Leonard's Eighth Doctor-starring *Revolution Man*.

The Space Museum





Lavish Doctor Who sketch for Comic Relief

The most ambitious *Doctor Who* skit ever made will form a major part of BBC1's bi-annual Comic Relief charity gala night, to be broadcast 12 March.

Full details are still shrouded in the utmost secrecy, but **DWM** hears that A-list British stars of Hollywood standing may appear as the companion and the Master; the (several?) Doctors could be played by celebrities of no less repute.

The 15-minute film segment, mounted in the style of previous glossy Comic Relief efforts such as 'Prime Cracker', has been written by sitcom supremo Steven Moffatt (previously author of a *Decalog* short) and will be directed by John Henderson, responsible for the Ted Danson-starring *Loch Ness* plus last Christmas' C4 extravaganza *Alice Through the Looking Glass*; BBC Visual Effects designer Mike Tucker is working round the clock assembling five Daleks and other special props as part of the behind-the-scenes team.

Dispatches

● K9 collared for C4 gay drama

Queer as Folk, a new eight-part Channel Four series set in and around Manchester's Canal Street 'gay village', is due to air from February – and will feature not only a cameo turn from robot dog K9 but a plethora of other *Doctor Who* references. The reason? One of its three lead characters, Vince (played by Craig Kelly), is a fan. K9 appears in the seventh and eighth episodes, and footage from *Pyramids of Mars* will be used in one instalment. *Queer as Folk* has been written by one-time Virgin *New Adventures* author Russell T Davies; its script editor is Matthew Jones, another *NA* author and formerly **DWM**'s *Fluid Links* columnist.

● Sophie completes Mindgame follow-up

Sophie Aldred is to star in *Tri-ology*, a follow-on from last year's independently-produced *Mindgame* video, again scripted by *Doctor Who* mainstay Terrance Dicks. Produced by Reeltime Pictures, *Tri-ology* is due for release in the spring. She also features as one of the two Time Travellers alongside Sylvester McCoy in more of BBV's *Audio Adventures in Time and Space*, due for release in February, April, June and August – the first two titled *Ghosts* and *Jihad* respectively. (Incidentally, BBV's audio output will shortly expand to include a further strand – 'The Geraldine Nash Mysteries', starring Jacqueline Pearce.) Meanwhile, the ever-popular Ace actress will be the subject of an event titled 'A Day in the Life of Sophie Aldred' at Cardiff University's Department of Physics and Astronomy on Saturday 27 February. SAE for details to: Timeless, c/o Neil Goodman, 12 Bradley Street, Roath, Cardiff CF2 1PE.

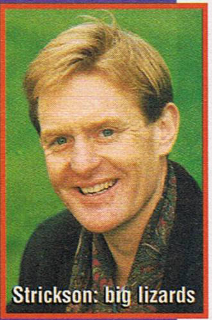
● DWM 276

Reclusive seventies *Doctor Who* mentor Robert Sloman gives us an ultra-rare interview in the next unmissable **DWM**, on sale from 11 March. Other features include: the second part of *Thrilling Adventures in Time and Space*, this time focusing on bizarre Dalek-related escapades from the sixties; the final instalment of *The Fallen*; *Inside the Spaceship* in *The* **DWM** *Archive*; plus (hastily dropped from this issue to make room for our *News Extra* on the discovery of *The Lion* – sorry), your first chance to meet our new *Shelf Life* columnist – whoever he, or she, may be . . .

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Television **Tom Baker** was in superb autobiographical form when he partnered Ian Hislop in *Have I Got News For You* (BBC2, 11 December). Chances are he will be asked back . . . **Colin Baker**'s appearance in BBC1's new holiday rep drama *Sunburn* was broadcast on 23 January. **Nicholas Courtney** has a Brigadier-style cameo in BBC2's upcoming comedy *Sir Bernard Chumley's Stately Homes*, starring Matt 'George Dawes' Lucas. **Jean Marsh** is a guest star in the new series of ITV's *Kavanagh QC*. **Louise Jameson** is contracted to continue as Rosa DiMarco in *EastEnders* until at least November. **Mark Strickson** has been reworking 12 *Animal Planet* wildlife shows for primetime broadcast on ITV over the next three years, beginning in March with a programme on rattlesnakes. He travels to Irianjaya in February seeking out *The Biggest Lizards in the World*, which he will both film and present. **Eric Roberts** features in upcoming TNT TV movie *Purgatory*. **Bonnie Langford** was one of the guests paying tribute to Christopher Biggins on *This is Your Life* (4 January). **Anneke Wills**, **Nicola Bryant** and **Sophie Aldred** showed off their screaming talents when *Clive James on TV* devoted its 21 December edition to poking fun at UK TV science fiction; **John Scott Martin** and *The Two Doctors*' **Jacqueline Pearce** also put in appearances, alongside a selection of *Who* clips. Pre-production on *Big Step*, written and produced by **John Nathan-Turner**, commenced at the end of January at Teddington Studios; this 26-part children's animation series, expected to be voiced by **Tom Baker**, may reach ITV screens in July.


Strickson: big lizards

Film Trailers for Michael Winner's *Parting Shots*, featuring **Peter Davison** as John and **Nicola Bryant** as Beverley, are currently screening, with the film due to open shortly. **Colin Baker** has been shooting science fiction feature *Soul's Ark* in Weston-Super-Mare playing Gallico alongside his agent **Wendy Padbury** as Keel – a rare acting role for the former Troughton companion – plus **Carole Ann Ford** as their boss, Grant. **Paul McGann** is among the cast of short film *The Dance of Shiva*, concerning the fates of Commonwealth soldiers during the First World War. **Maureen O'Brien** has been working on two films, as Dolly in an as-yet-untitled Irish comedy and as Mother in *Ordinary Decent Criminal*.

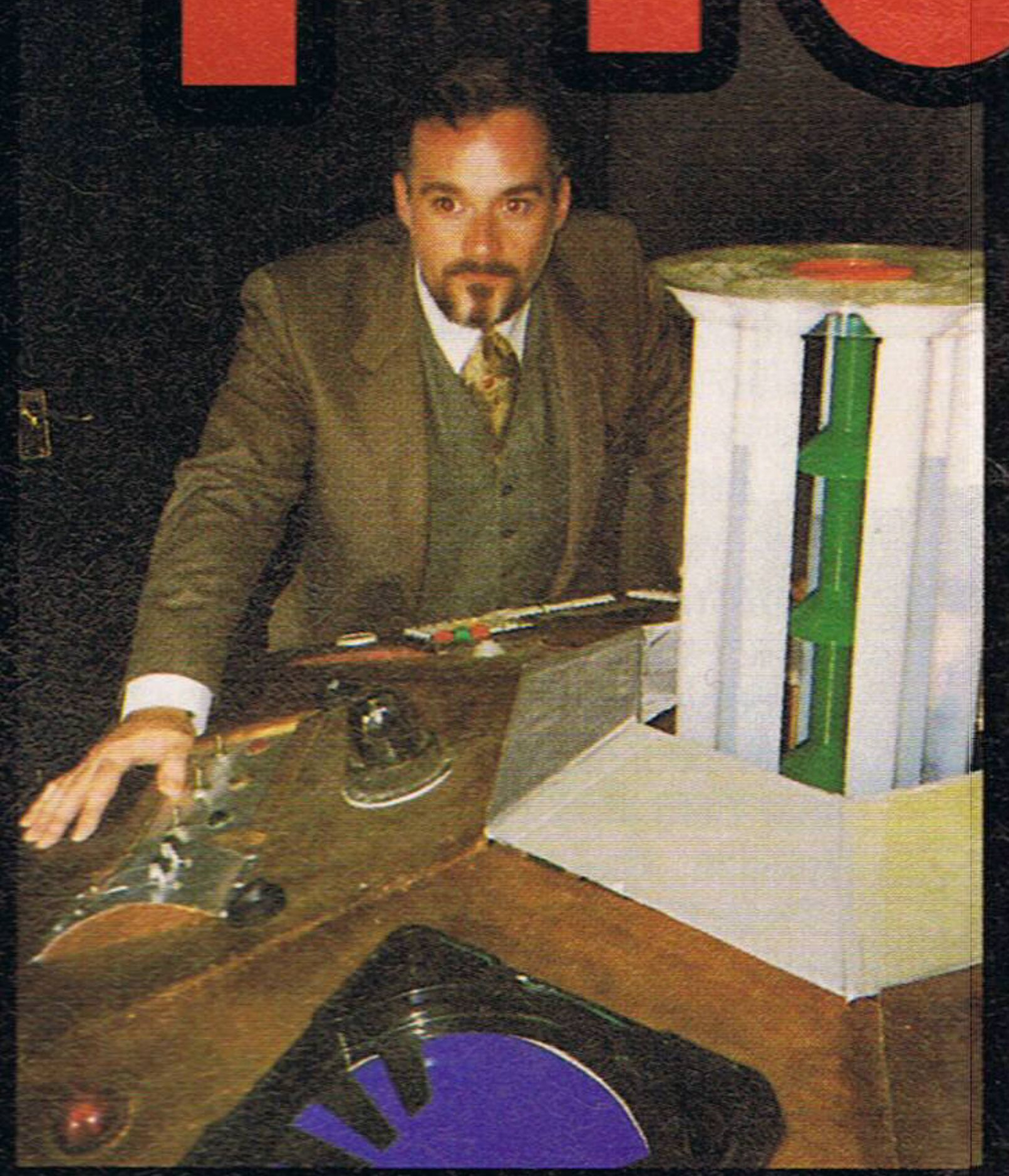
Stage **Peter Davison** continues as Amos Hart in *Chicago* at London's Adelphi Theatre until at least August. **Richard Franklin** directed *Lucifer in Starlight* in Brighton on 22 and 23 January. **Kate O'Mara** has been starring as Paula in comedy thriller *Motive* at the Theatre Royal, Windsor.

Obituary **Derek Wayland**, who was a UNIT soldier in *The Seeds of Doom*, died in November aged 67.

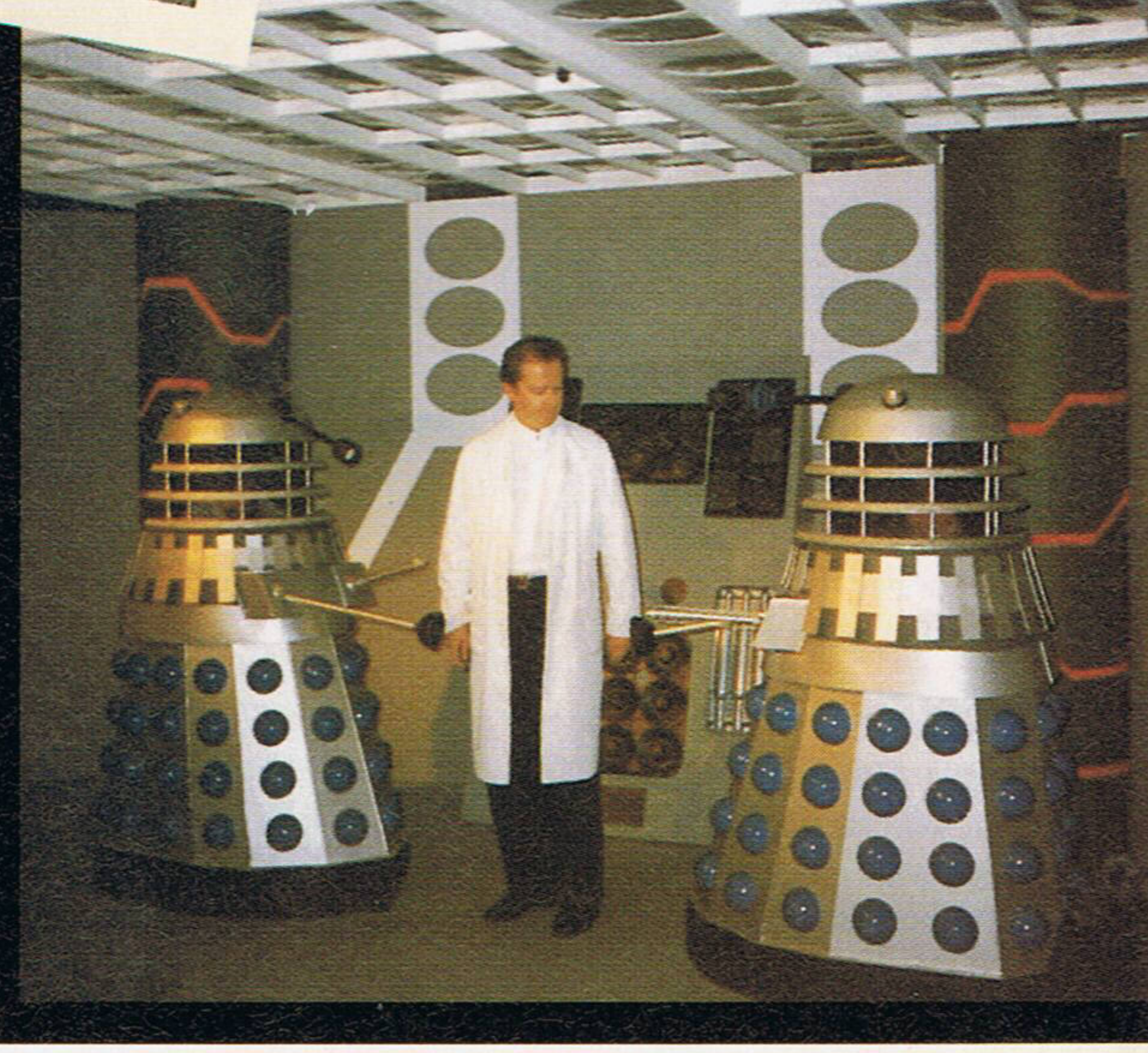
WHY DON'T YOU . . .

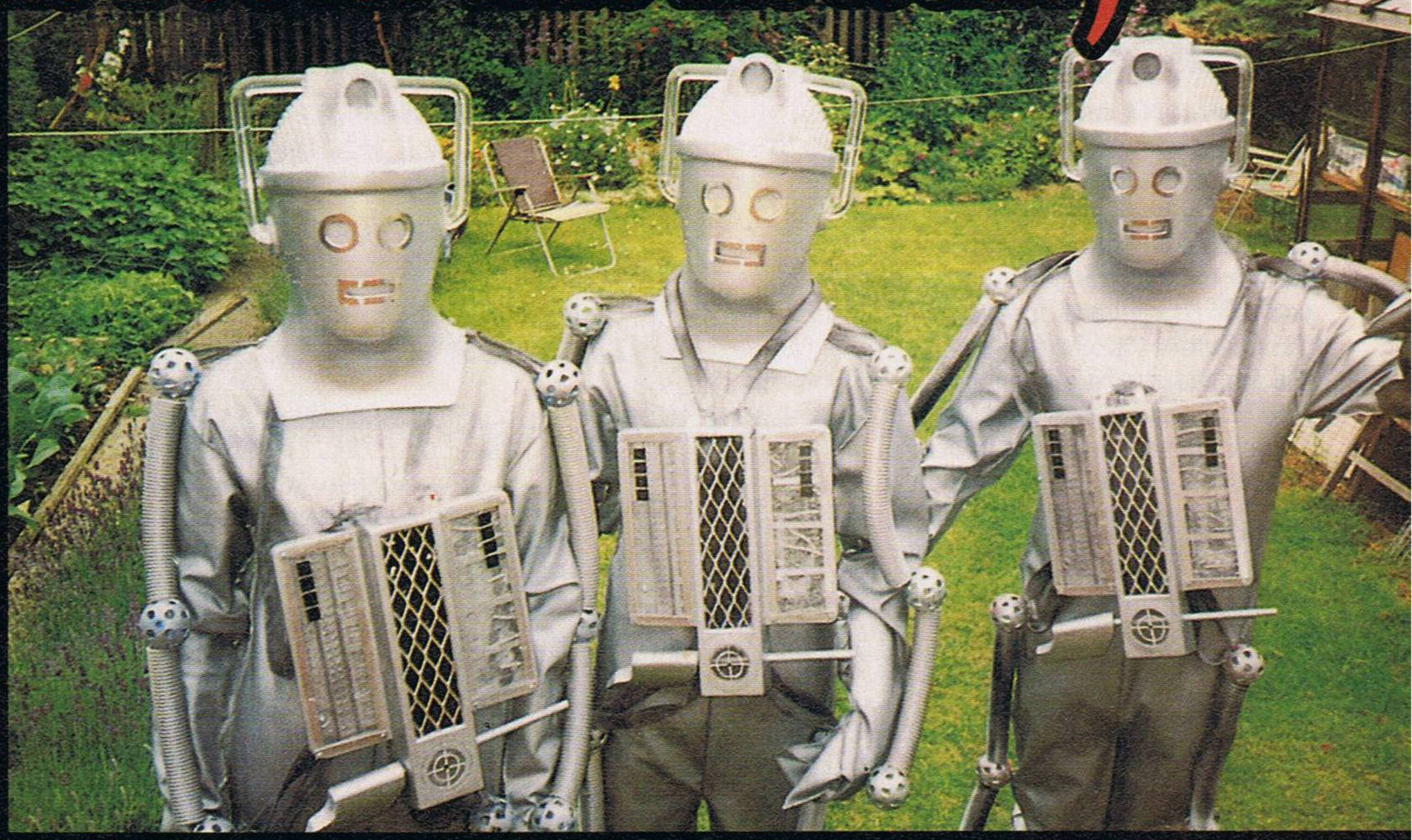
Eight videos, thirteen Doctors, four lots of Daleks, two gangs of Cybermen and a couple of unlikely Masters . . . **Gary Gillatt** takes a crash course in producing home-made *Doctor Who*, and enjoys some strange adventures along the way.

(just switch off your television set and go and make Doctor Who instead?)



POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX





POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

Let's get one detail straight from the start, just to be clear about things: *Doctor Who* is entirely the copyright of the BBC. Certainly, a number of outside parties are allowed to tinker with it – to write their own new adventures for this or that medium – but these groups are only granted that privilege when they sign a licencing agreement and write out a nice big cheque payable to Auntie or her ever-enterprising sister at BBC Worldwide. Only then – after signatures have been scribbled and five-figure sums have changed hands – are the likes of Marvel, Virgin, World Distributors or TV Comic allowed to call the lead character in their comic strips or books 'The Doctor', to see him travel in a 'TARDIS', or to place the words 'Doctor Who' on their front covers in a vaguely diamond shape or with a dubious chrome effect and a bendy 'H'.

If you try to make money from your *Doctor Who* stories and you *haven't* signed that licence or written that cheque, then you are flirting with disaster, and you'll end up being on increasingly familiar terms with – in this order – the BBC lawyers, the clerk at the Old Bailey and an overly-affectionate cellmate called 'Knocker' who's doing Five for Actual Bodily Harm.

But if you are still gripped by a desire to make your own *Doctor Who* adventures, but have neither the funds nor the good reputation to secure that all-important licence, then there are a number of viable alternatives. For example, you could simply hide inside your bedroom and use your Dapol action figures to act out that 'Fourth Doctor and Ace versus the Tetraps' adventure you always dreamed of writing for Virgin Books, only this time with an awe-inspiring range of sound effects created by simply whooshing spit around your teeth in ever more creative ways. Sadly, this is not going to bring your unique perspective on *Doctor Who* to a very wide audience.

You may, of course, have a much bigger vision than this. You may suddenly find you have access to a couple of video cameras, the free run of a disused asylum in Surrey and the home telephone numbers of several former *Doctor Who* companions, and decide that it's your duty to take the legend of *Doctor Who* onward to another level of excellence. Or mediocrity. And if you manage to make a few quid in the process by flogging the tapes, then all well and good.

But then you have a problem. As soon as you try to make a penny of profit from your creative outpourings, you'll find yourself with a new pen-pal from among the phalanx of those aforementioned

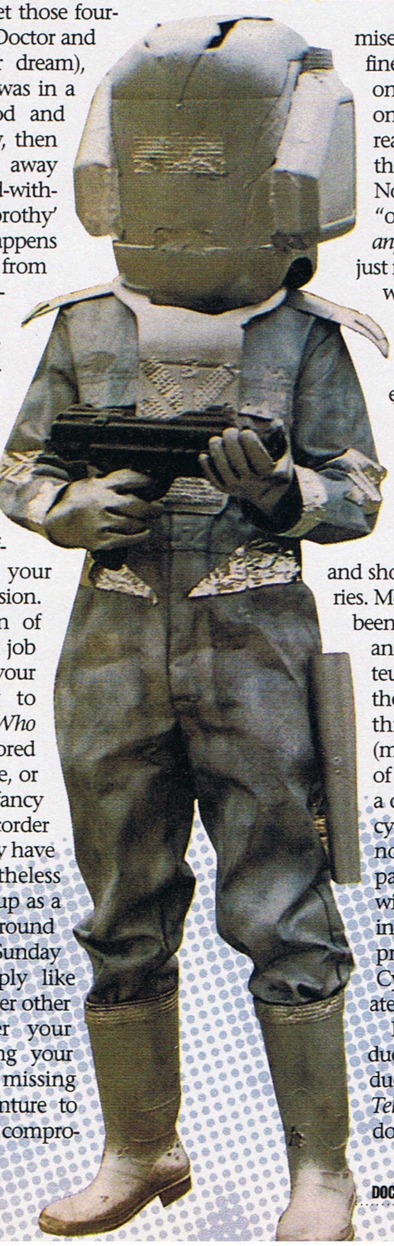
This page: *The Last Oasis*

The structure, style and content of The Last Oasis is the TV Movie to the letter – give or take the sixth-form cast and the Cheshire locations

BBC lawyers. Of course, what you have to do is a delicate shimmy around those copyright laws. Lots of the subsidiary aspects of *Doctor Who* remain the intellectual property of the freelance scriptwriter who first dreamed them up. So your way would be clear to bring back the Tetraps if you could come to an individual agreement with their creators, Pip and Jane Baker. Sadly, it will still remain impossible to set those four-eyed bat fiends against the Doctor and Ace (if that remains your dream), although if Sophie Aldred was in a particularly generous mood and had a window in her diary, then you could just about get away with her playing a street kid-with-attitude called 'Alice' or 'Dorothy' or something, who just happens to be temporarily separated from her un-named time-travelling chum.

Nicely packaged with the legend "Featuring the terrifying Tetraps from TV's *Doctor Who*" (no logo!), a video cassette of your unlicenced-but-entirely-legal labours could probably both earn you a few bob and form a neat, self-financing showreel for your impending break into television.

However, the acquisition of wealth or the prospect of a job on *The Bill* may not be your *raison d'être* for wanting to record your own *Doctor Who* episodes. You may just be bored with your Geography degree, or your job in a bank, and fancy larking round with a camcorder and a rubber sword. You may have a deeply-held but nonetheless inexplicable desire to dress up as a Cyberman and wander around Saddleworth Moor of a Sunday afternoon. You may simply like having a good excuse to order other people around. Whatever your motive, you can still bring your beautiful vision of that missing Fourth Doctor/Tetrap adventure to the screen without a single compromise either to the BBC or to the finer points of copyright law. The only problem will be that the only people who should ever really see this lost classic will be the noble few who worked on it. Not a single cassette can be sold "or otherwise disseminated" to *anyone*, at *any time*, or you may just find yourself looking down the wrong end of that friendly fellow convict.



Even given that drawback – even with the full knowledge that no-one other than the cast and crew will ever be allowed to enjoy the finished product – down the years, thousands of enthusiasts have expended tens-of-thousands of fan-hours scripting and shooting all-new *Doctor Who* stories. More TARDISes and Daleks have been knocked up out of chipboard and fibreglass by talented amateurs than were ever produced by the BBC. The Doctor has been through more incarnations (mostly in bodies under the age of 25) than would be supplied by a dozen Gallifreyan regenerative cycles. It is entirely possible that not a single weekend hasn't passed in the last 20 years without someone, somewhere in the world, tripping over some prickly undergrowth in full Cyber-costume as an exasperated director shouts "Cut!"

It would be impossible to produce a full history of these productions in the manner of a *Television Companion* style dossier. Many are never finished by the time summer gives way to autumn and the Doctor finds he has to go away to Art College, or the director discovers that his parents are moving to entirely the other side of Wolverhampton. Often, on-set bust-ups which would shock even Tom Baker will bring a shoot to a premature end – when the chief Dalek decides he isn't getting enough lines, for example, and so won't let them borrow his camera tripod any longer. Most frequently, all the scenes are recorded before the team work out quite *how* expensive editing the whole lot together is going to prove.

Even the hundreds of productions that have survived such emotional and financial crises to be deemed 'finished' by their makers are difficult to list or review. Their by-nature illegal and underground nature means that few beyond the cast's close family and friends ever hear of the project's existence. As the years pass, the few VHS copies ever struck are mislaid, or mistakenly get below-par episodes of *Friends* taped over them. Just as with the parent series, the history of amateur *Doctor Who* is littered with stories of rumoured-to-be-classic episodes which have since been lost forever.

And so, while this magazine cannot present a meticulously-researched history of the on-the-run, on-a-shoestring *Doctor Who* video – and while we can't *possibly* offer you details as to how to obtain any of these canon-busting tales to watch for yourself – we can, at least, offer you a potted guide to the type of thing you might find in this, some of the most crazy and creative *Doctor Who* you'll never be able to see.

To this end, **Doctor Who Magazine** posted an appeal on the most popular *Doctor Who* internet discussion forum, appealing to subscribers to send us tapes of their home-made adventures. And from Washington DC and Washington, County Durham they came, in NTSC and in PAL, some 90 minutes long, one just nine. In less than a month we had over 30 different *Doctor Who* stories to choose from, all of which this writer took away to watch – over a solid day's worth of viewing. Following this, a representative shortlist of eight stories was chosen to be shown to a specially-selected audience of mildly masochistic fellow fans over the course of a long pizza 'n' Pinot Grigio-fuelled evening. They were: Alan Barnes and Scott Gray of **DWM**; Gary Russell and Jac Rayner of Big Finish Productions; Mike Tucker from the BBC Visual Effects Department; sometime **DWM** contributors Peter Ware and Ed Salt; and *TV Zone* reviewer John Binns.

Various ground rules had to be clearly explained at the start (and several more times during the emotional hours that followed). The videos would be picked at random from the shortlisted pile, and everyone would be obliged to watch as much as they possibly could in as fair and uncynical a manner as they could manage. Each had the chance to play one 'Fast Forward' card to have the tape nudged past any particularly challenging section, plus one self-explanatory 'Please God Stop!' card – which *two* of the group would have to wave simultaneously to force us on

The same boys are equally stirred by a second young companion dressed in school uniform.

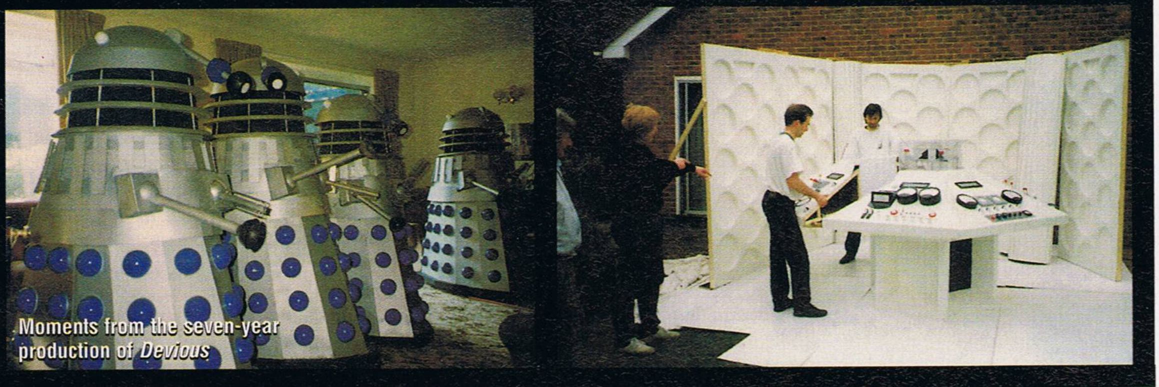
Luckily, the Cybermen arrive to provide distraction. It will not be the last time these men of steel make a shock appearance this evening, but none will prove more entertaining. In a triumph of chutzpah over budget, these Cybermen represent what might have happened if the steel and plastic had run out on Mondas, but the Cyber-conversion process had gamefully struggled on using MDF and corrugated cardboard. Their huge paper heads catch the wind in a breezy sandpit, rendering any scene in which the encephalitic cyborgs appear inadvertently hilarious.

All this is such a terrible shame, as the action is spicing up nicely, enlivened by the death of a companion and a laser battle in the Cyber-ship, with a local branch of 'Quasar' or somesuch being used inventively to provide both a high-tech set and a range of laser effects. Gary R murmurs a "Superb" when the Doctor jumps on a motorbike to pursue the Master along country lanes, and there is spontaneous applause from the crowd when the villain crashes his car into a pile of barrels. Only the safety-conscious Mike frowns, adding, "Don't try this at home, kids. Oh, you already have."

Final assessment 7 out of 10

Highs Good central performances; imaginative direction; clever use of local resources

Lows The Cybermen; script takes too long to say too little



Moments from the seven-year production of *Devious*

An interim Doctor (Tony Garner) battles Daleks, before regenerating into his third body (Jon Pertwee)

Seeing Pertwee perform in Devious, trademark Doctorly tics intact, brings a lump to the throat

to the next film. Marks out of ten for any aspect of the production – and for the story overall – would be regularly called for throughout the viewing experience.

And here's what we found . . .

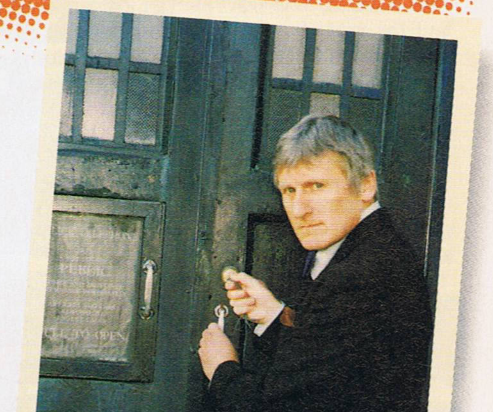
Adventure one The Last Oasis

The defining aspect of *The Last Oasis* is that it is clearly the product a post-Paul McGann world. Give or take the presence of an old enemy from 1963-89 *Doctor Who*, the structure, style and content of this drama is 1996 *Doctor Who* to the letter (give or take the sixth-form cast and the Cheshire locations). The tale begins with the trial of the Master on Skaro (an on-screen caption provided by an under-educated – or perhaps merely over-eager – editor tells us that this comes from the "Martix Data Bank" and depicts the demise of a "Rouge Time Lord"), which results in his genie-like imprisonment in a bottle. The bottle is later found on Earth, and its trapped spirit takes possession of an innocent dog-walking bystander. This new host for the Master's evil quickly takes to wearing leather jackets and picking up whining humans by the neck.

Also from the TV Movie checklist we are offered an early, gurning-faced regeneration and change of Doctor, a car and motorcycle chase and a final punch-up between the Doctor and the steadily-decaying Master.

Our audience are pretty impressed throughout. "Very reasonable direction" comments the professionally-trained Edward. A shot of a shuttlecraft launching from a Borg-ish cuboid ship in orbit prompts an untechnical but no-less-appreciative "Very good spaceship thing" from Mike.

The more hormone-driven members of the group are taken by the presence of companion Bernadette (Kathy Flack), who is notable for being a dead ringer for a young Patsy Kensit, which prompts several to grope for a Liam Gallagher joke based on the video's title (all fail to amuse).



Adventure two The Wrath of Eukor

The product of a group of American fans in the mid-eighties, *The Wrath of Eukor* is as much of its time as *The Last Oasis*. Here we meet a very spirited and likeable female Seventh Doctor who makes her first appearance wearing a Colin Baker-

This page: 'The Fifth Doctor', assorted companions and one errant producer from *The Reign of Turner*

style coat in a pre-credits sequence set in Victorian London. There she is joined by a new companion, a Dick van Dyke-alike chimney sweep with a strangulated English accent and a remarkable talent for adding unscripted exclamation marks to the end of every sentence.

A fabulous home-made recreation of the eighties *Doctor Who* title sequence takes us into the main tale, where a group of young actors argue in a wood. For nearly an hour. The audience struggles to get a grip on the plot, but very poor sound quality and mumbled lines bring forth only confusion. Alan wisely observes that the woodland setting and endless shouting seem inspired by the original *Evil Dead* film. John plays his 'Fast Forward' card, and the video buzzes us to the climax, which takes place in what appears to be a hydro-electric station. Alas, goodwill has already been lost, and we talk about *The Evil Dead* instead until the credits roll.

Any final comments?

Peter: "It was a very Eric Saward kind of script using lots of angry men with guns, but it also managed to mirror the structure of the Paul McGann TV Movie ten years before its time."

John: "Both stories so far have used familiar *Doctor Who* incidental music. This one got it all wrong, though, by using cues from *Earthshock* – that's studio music, you need Dudley Simpson if your story is all on location."

Scott: "It's a shame the villain seemed so embarrassed the entire time."

Final assessment 5 out of 10

Highs The Jane Asher-esque Doctor

Lows The sound quality; the unengaging plot

(In the week that followed this viewing session, this writer took the time to watch the other films in this series, all featuring Barbara Benedetti's Doctor and equally alliterative Randy Rogel's companion. The quality improves markedly across the run, and one, *Broken Doors*, is a stylish mystery in the manner of *Sapphire and Steel* or some of the more bizarre *Avengers* episodes. This production company's learning curve was obviously very steep, and demonstrates that with commitment and talent, you can actually get quite good at this kind of thing.)

Adventure three **Time Rift**

Our two opening stories both introduced us to new versions of the Doctor. *Time Rift*, however, represents a different subset of the fan video *oeuvre* – those in which the lead performer attempts an impersonation of a genuine TV Doctor. Also very much of its period, *Time Rift* is a four-part 'Sylvester McCoy' adventure, but one very much informed by an angst-ridden *New Adventures* sensibility. Appropriately, the Seventh Doctor is played here by latterday *Doctor Who* novelist Jon Blum, and legend has it that Jon's appearance in *Time Rift* provided fellow author Kate Orman with her first sight of her future husband. If this is true, then we are delighted to find that true love really *must* transcend all barriers, for Jon's performance is poor. The whole project seems stale and small in vision. "Not a single part of the story is told visually," remarks Scott. The film takes the confrontations between the Doctor and Ace in *Ghost Light* and *Survival* for its entire inspiration, filling 100 minutes of screen time with scenes of the central characters engaged in intense moral debate in corridors or sulking on stairs. Jon has to exasperatedly hiss "Ace!" (or rather, "Hace!") over and over in response to his prima donna companion's flouncing and whining. Once again, lack of incident means that it is difficult to focus on the unfolding plot, and the audience swiftly loses

Making little gasps of astonishment, we watch Daleks being assembled on a production line and herded into shuttlecraft

A fleet of Dalek ships unleashes its murderous cargo upon London in *Regeneration of the Daleks*. Does K9 represent our last, best hope for peace?

This page: Daleks are prepared for shooting on the Skaro control room set of *The Millennium Trap*

The Millennium Trap really does catch the spirit of Doctor Who better than any of the tapes we've seen

interest after the reasonably lively chase scenes in Part One.

The best new element comes in the form of UNIT's General Kramer, a fearsomely commanding presence whose wide, shelf-like bosom causes shorter characters to duck when they have to take their turn to argue with her. Two old enemies show up – both firm favourites of fan video projects. Jon has asked us not to reveal their identities, since he is still hoping to pitch *Time Rift* to BBC Books as a future *Doctor Who* novel – in which form it may work far more successfully than it does here.

Before the end of Part Two, a pair of 'Please God Stop!' cards have been played.

Final assessment 4 out of 10

Highs General Kramer; a good chase sequence; an excellent original score

Lows Too much talk, little action; an attempt to evoke an era of the show while missing the point of that era entirely

Adventure four **Devious**

Devious has already been in production for seven years, and remains far from completion. However, its Sussex-based production team sent along a tape of edited highlights and a lengthy concluding sequence for the very special reason that it contains Jon Pertwee's last performance as the Doctor.

No expense seems to have been spared on *Devious* so far. When we enter the TARDIS control room for the first time, effects guru Mike whistles through his teeth like a cowboy builder asked to quote for a roof repair: "Must be about four grand's worth of work there," he comments.

The story centres on the idea that the regeneration between the Second and Third Doctors was interrupted part-way through, with this 'interim' Doctor taken out of time to battle the Daleks. At the end of the adventure, Doctor Two-and-a-half returns to the TARDIS where his third self appears before him, forcing the completion of the regenerative process. Pertwee is as good as ever, and seeing him perform – with all his trademark Doctorly tics and grimaces – brings a lump to the throat. Alas, his temporary predecessor (Tony Garner), while pretty accomplished by fan video standards, is shown lacking in *bona fide* talent.

The regeneration scene receives applause. "It's better than most of the TV regenerations," observes Peter. "Very professional storytelling and direction," agrees Alan.

To tie up continuity ever so neatly, we see Pertwee collapse outside the TARDIS and into his first kosher appearance in *Spearhead From Space*. This time, however, we get to see the ship spinning down to Earth amid a shower of Nestene meteorites. "That's a better opening to *Spearhead* than *Spearhead* had," comments Mike confusingly, but we know what he means.

We all decide that we can't give *Devious* a final mark, as the production has fallen at an early hurdle in that the makers have been unable to finish it. We agree, however, that it is incredibly fitting that Jon Pertwee's last *Doctor Who* work should see him recording his first appearance, as it were – and that for this reason, if no other, *Devious* deserves a much wider audience.

Adventure five
Regeneration of the Daleks

In two episodes, each of around just five minutes duration, *Regeneration of the Daleks* is a different sort of fan production again. It employs no actors, required no sets to be built, and was constructed entirely within the memory of the home PC owned by writer/creators Chris and Kevin Gregory, using software given away free with a computer magazine.

But what is most impressive about *Regeneration* is that it manages to tell a disciplined and exciting story of a Dalek invasion of Earth. Aside from constant little gasps of astonishment, our audience sits in rapt attention as they see Daleks assembled on a production line and loaded into shuttles at the behest of their Emperor. Dozens of the craft swoop down to Earth and disgorge their contents. A Special Weapons Dalek destroys Big Ben . . . an all-new Spider Dalek battles K9 in a suburban street . . . UNIT jets are picked out of the skies by Daleks on Tran-solar Discs . . . The only human presence comes in the form of seventies-style stock footage of air-traffic controllers monitoring radar and some material from *The Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy* showing crowds facing imminent Armageddon.

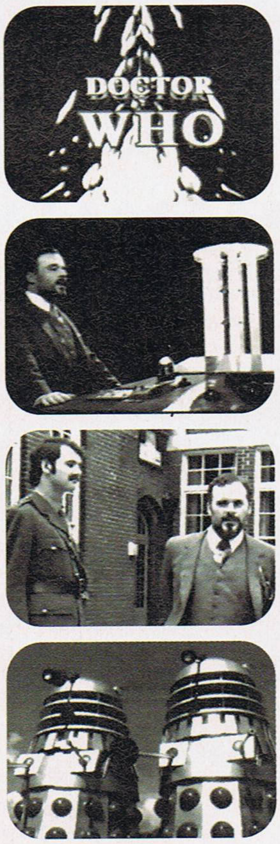
As the end credits roll, the applause is sustained and heartfelt.

"Fantastic!" giggles Gary Russell. "Better spaceship effects than the BBC by far."

Mike Tucker shoots him a look. "Sadly, I can only agree!" he chuckles.

"The music was very well-matched to the action," comments Jac. "*Mars Attacks!*, was it?"

"It was the sense of very big ambition that so impressed me," continues Mike. "There is a shot of a skeleton appearing as someone is exterminated that is just a throwaway. In *Remembrance of the Daleks* that was the big effect of the first episode – here it's just a bit of extra colour!"



The Doctor (Nick Scovell) fends off another Dalek attack in *The Millennium Trap*

Final assessment 9 out of 10

Highs The drama; the technical accomplishment; the confident and rare directorial flair given to the entirely computer-generated sequences

Lows The sometimes intrusive stock footage; they kill K9

Adventure six
The Reign of Turner

A major shift in style again, *The Reign of Turner* is intended as a humorous, satirical look at the production of *Doctor Who* through the eighties – the reign of John Nathan-Turner. We get to see behind the scenes of some of the most notable dramatic moments of a decade's worth of the series, sometimes with hilarious consequences – and sometimes, sadly, not.

As a few sequences ramble on without an obvious punchline, more and more 'Fast Forward' cards are fielded, until only Mike Tucker has his left to play. Most of the audience agree, however, that this is probably due to key differences in the sense of humour of the American performers and this wholly British audience.

Nevertheless, the costumes are excellent and the characterisation of *Doctor Who* celebrities cruel but funny – one Steven Hill is particularly superb as a camp and overweening producer.

Final assessment 5 out of 10

Highs The obviously highly inaccurate depiction of Tom Baker as a lunatic, drunken monomaniac; the *Heart to Heart to Heart to Heart* version of Season Eighteen, with Tom Baker and Lalla Ward starring as a crime-solving married couple

Lows Often goes on far too long without a funny joke

Phase 4 in production

These Cybermen are perhaps better-looking than any to have appeared in Doctor Who since the sixties

The Doctor (Rupert Booth) combats a Cyber invasion of the English countryside in *Phase 4*

Adventure seven
The Millennium Trap

The video sleeve for *The Millennium Trap* proudly proclaims that it is "shot in black and white to recapture the feel of sixties *Doctor Who*". Gary Russell is the first to spot the accidental breakthrough of colour on some of the early scenes, and helpfully suggests the alternative pitch: 'Duplicated in black and white because we accidentally recorded some of the footage that way.'

Such churlishness aside, *The Millennium Trap* really does catch the spirit of *Doctor Who* better than any of the dramas we have enjoyed so far. The story – a kind of cross between *The Claws of Axos* and *The Evil of the Daleks* – is neat, easy to follow and well-told. And, significantly, this is one of the few videos to employ an actor purely to play the role of the Doctor. In most others, the hero on screen is also the writer and the director, a 'tripling-up' which often renders the finished product self-indulgent and difficult to understand, as there is no-one to question the wisdom of the writer's decisions or offer alternatives to how lines might be delivered.

Here, the Doctor is an all-new incarnation played by the very talented Nick Scovell who, as John observes, has a touch of a young Philip Madoc about him. This Doctor is thoughtful and enigmatic but still manages to be likeable although, as Peter puts it, "I wouldn't trust him as a babysitter."

This complete four-part serial unites the Doctor with a new UNIT team, and eventually takes them all to the planet Skaro to battle some very impressive Daleks. It all goes down very well with our audience. "It's paced like a real *Doctor Who*. The effects are excellent and the location work is very impressive," enthuses Mike. "The direction certainly is very assured and stylish," adds Jac.

We happily watch the story to the end, applauding heartily.

Final assessment 9.5 out of 10
Highs Nick Scovell's Doctor; a well-paced *Doctor Who* plot
Lows Some poor modelwork towards the end, although we imagine it's intended to be ironic

Adventure eight Phase 4

This is, as best as we can tell, the fourth in a series of *Doctor Who* dramas from Timebase Productions, all of which star a chap by the name of Rupert Booth as the Doctor. In this story, our hero and his aggravating companion Lesley find that a small English village has been sealed off by the Cybermen, who have set about converting the locals into more of their kind.

Phase 4 seems very generously budgeted. The Cybermen are perhaps better-looking than any to have appeared in *Doctor Who* since black-and-white television helped to cover a multitude of sins back in the sixties. Furthermore, the Timebase series also offers up the most impressive TARDIS exterior and console room to be found in any of the videos we've seen this evening.

But the crowd are restless, and I'm curious to know what's wrong. Surely these are the highest production values we've found so far?

John yawns. "I'm just not helped to care about anything that's going on. This Doctor seems to like himself a bit too much, and the director seems to love him too. It's like the Colin Baker era – the scenes without the Doctor in are always the more interesting."

Scott agrees. "The actor is trying too hard to portray a happy-go-lucky Doctor, but he isn't charming in the slightest and instead comes across as a bit of an arrogant git."

Alan: "Any Doctor's little eccentricities are supposed to be endearing. When they just seem irritating, something's going very wrong."

Spirits are lifted by a lively scene in which the Doctor is threatened by a group of Cybermats in a field. Jac is impressed. "Do you think they're radio-controlled?" she asks Mike.

"Nah, just on string, I'd say." he replies, smiling. "That's how I'd do it!"

The Doctor gets some good comedy business when he flips one of the Cybermats out of his way using a shovel. Later, when he jumps over a gate, he throws what he is carrying into the air on one side and catches it on the other.

"That's *Doctor Who*!" shouts Gary, pointing.

"They're telling the story visually for a change. Excellent!" says the comic strip-trained Scott. Everyone else nods sagely.

Enthusiasm is dulled when we realise we can't understand a single word the Cybermen are saying in their sixties-style droning voices.

"But you couldn't understand them half the time in *Tomb*, either," counters Alan.

Peter wants to argue. "Then that's the best reason *not* to recreate those voices, surely? Is the quest for proper continuity that important that they'll let it ruin their whole video?"

Concentration is lost, and the last 'Fast Forward' card is fielded. We find ourselves glad not to have missed the climax, as we get to see the dreary companion meet a grisly end. Cheers, rather than tears, are provoked.

Final assessment 7 out of 10
Highs Comic moments; the sets and costumes
Lows Unengaging story; unlikeable Doctor

So, what have we learned? We've certainly found that fan-produced *Doctor Who* can be as mad, bad, brilliant or boring as the real thing. Even with the most limited resources, an enterprising creative team can produce some thrilling television. The sound may be muffled or the picture quality poor, but moments of genuine brilliance can still shine through all the noise and murk.

We are also certain that everyone who worked on any of these productions has obviously had a whale of a time. Because of this, at times we have felt guilty about offering sharp criticism or laughing at the expense of some of the less confident performances or flimsier effects, but we realise that it is the presence of so many good actors and so much nifty technical work which casts any deficiencies into such sharp relief. We're also certain that all involved must have come away from their foray into TV production with a much clearer understanding of what does, and doesn't, make for good *Doctor Who*.

With the last tape played, the conversation among our cocky bunch of armchair critics drifts off in an unexpected direction. We swap story ideas of our own. We wonder where we might find cameras and editing equipment. We haggle over who would play the Doctor and his freshly-created companion, Tiffany. You see, we suddenly feel that we've been missing out on something tremendous. And so when summer arrives and the days are long and languid, we're going to be found battling Vardans, Venom Grubs and Voord in a nearby field.

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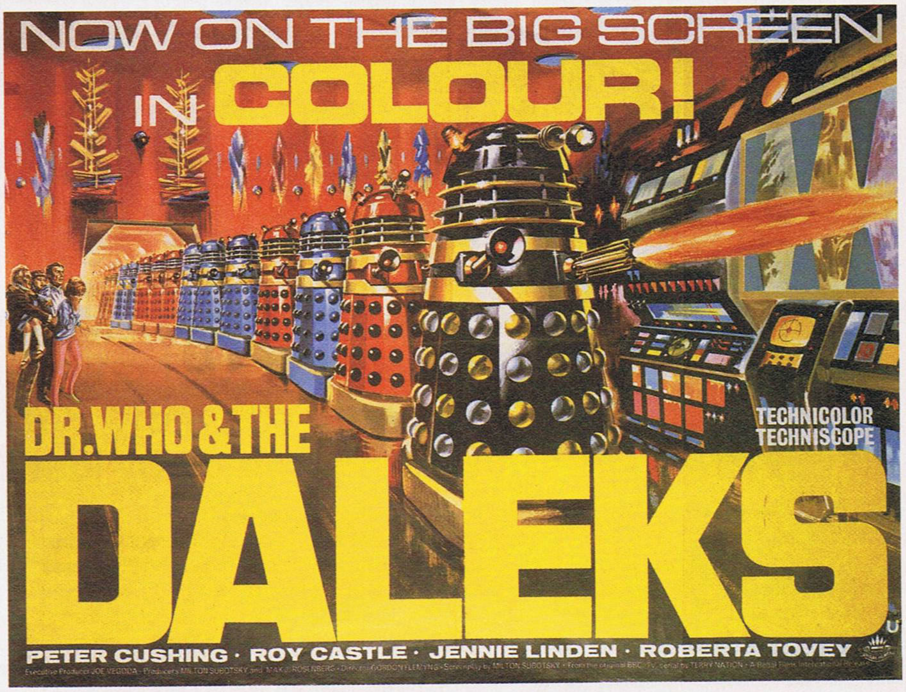
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Michael Craze remembered

Steve Lyons pays tribute to the man who played the First and Second Doctor's stalwart shipmate Ben – **Michael Craze**, who passed away last December.

One of the great joys of being a fan of *Doctor Who* is having the opportunity to meet the people who made the series – and it's always a real pleasure to find somebody who is as happy to spend time talking to admirers of his work as Michael Craze did.

Many **DWM** readers will have met Mike at conventions, signings, local group meetings and the like. Never one for hiding out in an event's hospitality room, Mike would typically be found in the hotel bar with the paying public. He was a friendly person, and easy to talk to, not just about *Doctor Who* but about the sorts of things that you might discuss with any mate in the pub. He'd even insist on standing his round in the process.

Mike was born on 29 November 1942 in Newquay, Cornwall. He never intended to go into acting – his parents expected him to become a solicitor, while Mike himself had dreams of writing for a living. However, as a young boy, he took part in Boy Scout gang shows and, discovering that he had a pure soprano voice, his scoutmaster encouraged his mother to put him up for professional roles. At the age of 12, Mike got a part in the West End musical *The King and I*. This led to appearances in *Plain and Fancy*, also at Drury Lane, and *Damn Yankees* at the Coliseum.

By the time Mike's voice had broken – on stage during a performance of *Damn Yankees*, as he recalled – the 'acting bug' had bitten. He stayed on at school until he had taken his GCEs, then went into repertory theatre. This meant travelling around the country a great deal, and Mike supplemented his income by taking odd jobs such as butcher's assistant.

He made his first television appearance when he was 14, in a Granada show called *Family Solicitor*. He could also be seen in television commercials (including one for the chocolate bar then known as Marathon) and in films such as *Two Left Feet, Blow Your Own Trumpet* and *Spare the Rod*.

Mike always expressed a preference for theatre work, because of its atmosphere and the opportunity it gave him to develop a character further with each performance. Nevertheless, he undertook a great deal of television work, appearing in well over 150 productions. These included series such as *Dixon of Dock Green, Z Cars, Journey to the Unknown, Armchair Theatre, No Hiding Place* and *Gideon's Way*. Mike was introduced to TV science fiction via a leading role in the 1960 serial *Target Luna*, concerned with the then-futuristic notion of putting men on the moon. He also guest-starred in *Pathfinders*, the series *Target Luna* spawned.

Mike's association with *Doctor Who* began with a routine casting call. After a meeting with producer Innes Lloyd, he was asked back to perform an audition piece for Lloyd and director Michael Ferguson. He chose a monologue from the play *Chips With Everything*, in which he had appeared in the West End and on a national tour. Only then was he told that the part for which he was auditioning was envisaged as a regular.

Mike was 23 when he landed the role of 24 year-old Able Seaman Ben Jackson. Ben was an honest, practical, down-to-earth man, who, according to his original character description, ran away from an unhappy home at the age of 15 and went to sea. Mike was particularly pleased to be able to play a sympathetic, three-dimensional Cockney character; many of his roles up to that point had been street urchins, toughs and rebels.

Ben's name was, of course, synonymous with that of Polly, played by Anneke Wills. The pair were charged with the responsibility of bringing *Doctor Who* into the contemporary scene. Mike always admitted, jokingly, that Anneke was much more 'swinging' than he was; however, he felt that one of the happiest periods of his life was spent as a young man in a decade in which everything was happening for youngsters.

Mike was pleased to play the three-dimensional Cockney Ben – his roles up to that point had been urchins and toughs

Mike's third *Doctor Who* serial, *The Tenth Planet*, was notable for several reasons, the most important for Mike being that it introduced him to production assistant Edwina Verner, whom he later married. It also saw the series' first regeneration, as William Hartnell handed the role of the Doctor over to Patrick Troughton. Mike had always felt that the ailing Hartnell had been uncomfortable with the late arrival of two young actors as his companions. However, with Troughton's arrival, the series' regulars became more of a close-knit and happy team. Mike fondly remembered Troughton's gift for humour – although he and Anneke instigated their share of practical jokes too, from debagging their colleague inside the TARDIS to the infamous occasion on which they appeared in T-shirts bearing the legend 'Come Back, Bill Hartnell – All is Forgiven'.

Mike particularly enjoyed the chance to appear in *Doctor Who*'s final two 'proper' historical stories – his interest in history once stretched to him becoming the vice-chairman of an antiquarian society in Norfolk. His one regret was that he would have liked Ben to have had a dramatic death, rather than being phased out of the series as he was.

Mike never reprised the role of Ben Jackson. However, he was reunited with Anneke Wills and a couple of Cybermen for a photo shoot in a *Radio Times* special celebrating the series' tenth anniversary [pictured].

After *Doctor Who*, Mike set up his own film company, Mantic, and directed a short film called *Fragment*, which was exhibited at the Commonwealth Film Festival and won an award. In 1974, he used his earnings from acting to buy the tenancy of a pub in Shepperton. His intention had been to continue working as an actor as well, but he soon found that his new career took up too much time. However, he kept in touch with old friends by entertaining actors and crew from the nearby film studios. Although he eventually gave up the pub, Mike continued to work in catering, for such companies as NatWest Bank and Trusthouse Forte. He also acted occasionally, his last television role being in a one-off play called *The Healer*.

Mike always cited *Doctor Who* as his most memorable acting job. However, in the years after Dalekmania and before *Doctor Who* had achieved its current cult status, the role didn't bring him a great deal of recognition. Indeed, Mike felt that he became more well known for the 21 episodes of *Crossroads* in which he appeared as the villainous Len Harvey, although he referred to his stint on the infamously cheap series as a 'nightmare'. In common with many other soap stars, Mike was even attacked in a Birmingham pub for one of his character's misdeeds – a compliment for an actor, if ever there was one.

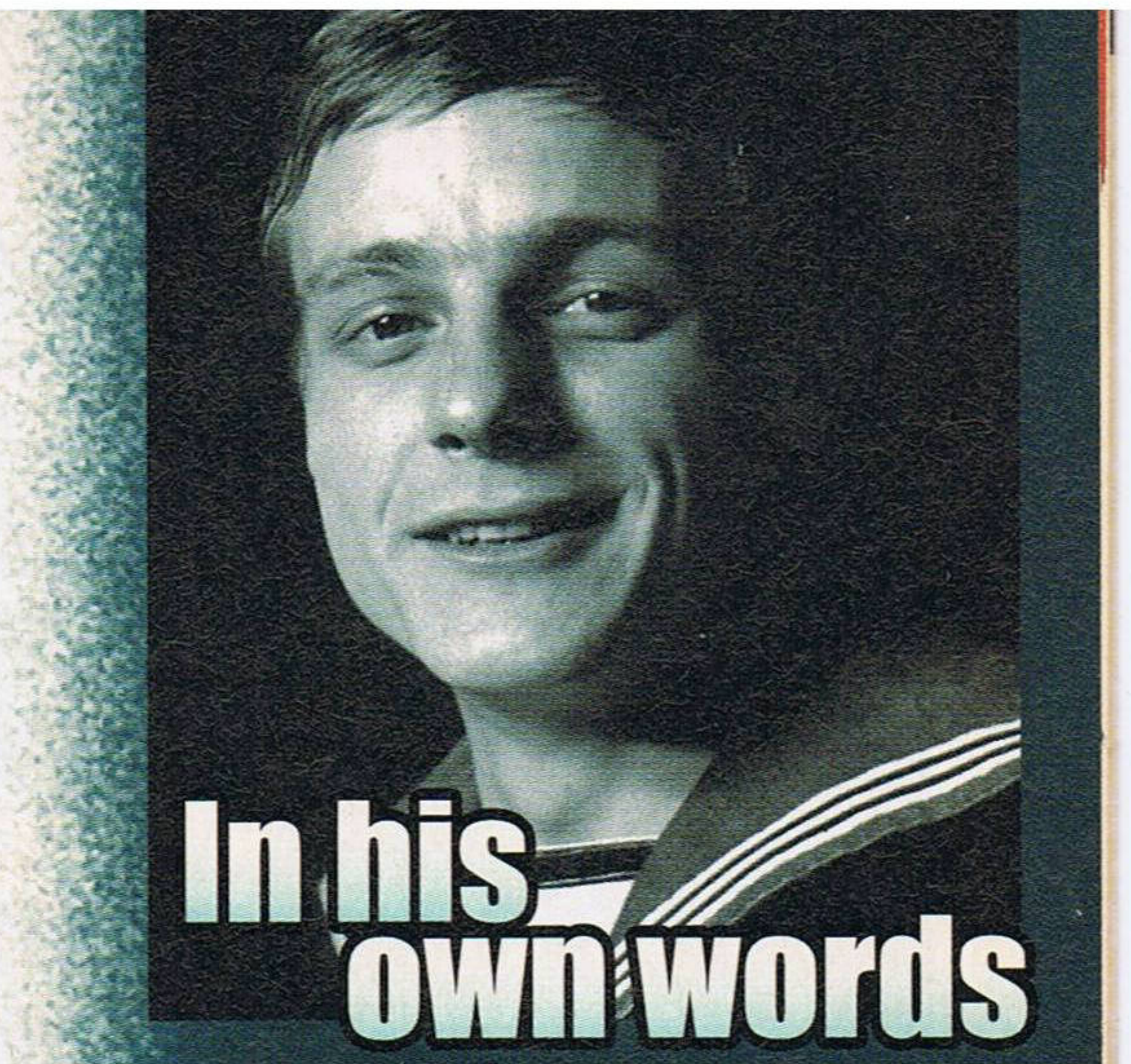
Nevertheless, *Doctor Who* well and truly caught up with Mike in the eighties and nineties. Understandably, he always seemed quite bemused, albeit happy, that one of his roles had brought him so much attention so many years on – and particularly by the fact that the World Wide Web now boasts pages devoted to both Ben Jackson and the actor who played him. In turn, convention organisers found Mike to be perhaps the most amenable and unassuming guest they could deal with. He was the sort of person who, before the 'thank you' letters could be sent out after an event, would write to thank the organisers for inviting him.

Mike always seemed genuinely interested in *Doctor Who*, to the point of seeking out and reading the original novels that featured his character. Disappointed that so many of his episodes had been lost by the BBC, he was quietly pleased when his one surviving complete story, *The War Machines*, was restored and released on video in 1997.

Mike Craze died on 7 December 1998, just over a week after his 56th birthday. He leaves behind a 15 year-old son, Ben, to his second wife, Helen (he always claimed that the name was Helen's idea, and merely a coincidence). Only a few weeks earlier, he had made an appearance at Marvel's 35up event, where he signed hundreds of autographs and chatted to fans as usual. His presence will be sorely missed at such events in the future – and particularly by those of us who still owe him a drink.

Doctor Who fandom has lost a good friend.

DWM



In his own words

The War Machines

"It was 1966 and times were changing and I think they wanted me to play an Alfie-type character or a Michael Caine-type character and they wanted Anneke Wills to be the epitome of the dolly-bird. It was all an attempt to move with the times."

The Smugglers

"*The Smugglers* was actually filmed on location in Cornwall. We had a week away and it was great fun. It's always more fun on location because you're less restricted . . ."

The Tenth Planet

"I have to admit that I never really thought the Cybermen would take off. When they first appeared in *The Tenth Planet* they were a bit of a joke. *Doctor Who* never had any money for special effects . . . They thought they could just spray it all silver and get away with it."

The Power of the Daleks

"The Daleks were very awkward to work with because until you got into the studio you didn't realise how big they actually were . . .

"It was tremendously different working with Pat [Troughton] because he was probably about 20 years younger than Bill [Hartnell], so he was full of fun and new ideas and he was prepared to do a bit of give-and-take. The three of us hit it off straight away."

The Highlanders

"I loved historical stories. I thought they were great . . . I liked it when *Doctor Who* got kids thinking about smugglers or Highlanders or whatever. History was always my best subject at school. I got about 88% for History GCE and I've always loved exploring the past."

The Underwater Menace

"*The Underwater Menace* was a total disaster. They didn't have enough money to make it work and it ended up like a pantomime . . . In the end, the actors just decided the whole thing was a joke and that we'd better make the best we could of it."

The Moonbase

"The Cybermen looked much better than in *The Tenth Planet*. I think they must have spent some money on them and they actually looked quite scary."

The Macra Terror

"I remember the huge Macra prop . . . The monster couldn't do anything, but you still had to act against it. You had to act the horror because there was no horror. You had to stuff your head into its mouth because no-one could move its head and instead of its claw coming towards you, you had to move towards the claw. It was totally useless!"

The Faceless Ones

"I think the writers didn't know how to get rid of Ben and Polly so they ratted out on it and decided to let them disappear quietly. It was very disappointing and neither Anneke or I were very pleased. I actually pleaded with [the producer] to allow Ben to go out with a bang . . .

"If they bring *Doctor Who* back I hope they ask me to appear in it because I'd love to work on the show again. My year on *Doctor Who* was probably the best year of my career."

– in conversation with Benjamin Cook, December 1997

The Visitation

The Grim Reaper himself stalks the land when a shooting star heralds an alien arrival . . . Andrew Pixley examines the story which brought a bright new spark to Doctor Who – Eric Saward.

PART ONE

One night in 17th century England, the daughter of a local Squire sees a shooting star in the sky. A spacecraft escape pod has landed nearby; shortly afterwards a creature enters the Squire's manor house, killing a servant, Ralph. The Squire and his children, Elizabeth and Charles, return fire – and a bejewelled android enters.

Weeks later, the TARDIS materialises in nearby woodlands – much to Tegan's chagrin, who has been expecting the Doctor to return her to Heathrow, 1981. Attacked by villagers burning sulphur, the Doctor, Nyssa, Tegan and Adric are rescued by a highwayman who leads them to the barn where he has been living; he is former actor Richard Mace, who explains that the villagers are hostile to all outsiders because plague is ravaging the land. The Doctor hears of a recent 'comet', but there is none due; he also uncovers examples of advanced technology, such as a polygrite bracelet and a powerpack. The barn is owned by the Squire, and the Doctor's party visit the manor house to see the local miller leaving on his horse and cart.

In Cromwellian London, the Doctor (Peter Davison) discovers a dray with a deadly cargo . . .

When there is no reply at the door, the Doctor and Nyssa manage to gain entry to the manor via a window. Inside they find evidence of a gun battle involving alien technology – and the Doctor is intrigued by a brick wall he finds built across the foot of a staircase. Nyssa goes to open the front door and admits Tegan, Mace and Adric. However, the Doctor seems to have vanished from beside the brick wall – and a cloaked figure locks the doors behind them. "Doctor!" cries out a panicked Tegan . . .

PART TWO

Casually, the Doctor appears through the wall, revealing it to be an energy barrier which he has penetrated using his sonic screwdriver. Behind it is a cellar containing a soliton gas generator and cages of rats. The group are surprised by the android, which is dressed as a Death figure in skull mask and cape. In the confusion, Tegan and Adric are left unconscious as the Doctor, Nyssa and Mace flee up into the house. The android takes Tegan and Adric through another energy barrier into a laboratory, where they are interrogated by the alien creature – who knows that they do not come from this time. By means of bracelets which control a poacher, woodcutter and farmhand, it sends locals to capture the Doctor and hence gain control of the TARDIS.

The Doctor and Nyssa discuss how to destroy the android by using the TARDIS' sonic booster before leaving the manor house with Mace. In the grounds, they see the part-buried escape pod and look inside; all the equipment has been removed. The Doctor recognises the technology as Terileptil – and the controlled villagers attack the escape pod. The Doctor, Nyssa and Mace flee into the woods via the emergency door; Nyssa heads for the TARDIS to work on the sonic booster while the Doctor and Mace go to see the miller.

Tegan and Adric are imprisoned in a small cell, but manage to escape through a fanlight. Although Adric manages to get out of the window, Tegan finds herself at the android's mercy.

Cratefuls of rats are found at the miller's; the miller himself departs as if in a trance. The Doctor and Mace are about to leave when a group of villagers enter and condemn them as plague carriers. Forced to the ground, the duo are to be beheaded by a scytheman. "Not again!" groans the Doctor . . .

Deep beneath the manor house, the Terileptil Leader (Michael Melia) commands its Android (Peter Van Dissell)

PART THREE

The execution is halted by the arrival of the headman of the village and the poacher; both are controlled by the Terileptil. The Doctor and Mace are imprisoned in the harness room, where their attempts to escape prove futile. Both are captured when the android, in its Death guise, is sent to collect them.

Setting up the sonic booster in the TARDIS, Nyssa is joined by Adric. Impatient, Adric decides to search for the Doctor, but is soon captured by the villagers in the woods.

The Terileptil fits Tegan with a control bracelet and sets her to work carrying phials of a deadly blue liquid. The Doctor and Mace are brought in, and the Doctor realises that the Terileptil is a fugitive, scarred during a life sentence in the tinclavic mines of Raaga. The alien is planning to wipe out all humanity. Mace is placed under control and the Doctor handcuffed and locked in a cell while the miller's cart is being loaded. When the Terileptil returns, it destroys the Doctor's sonic screwdriver and explains that it has infected thousands of black rats with a genetically engineered plague – and will release them in a nearby city. It leaves the Doctor in the cell with the controlled Tegan and Mace; if the Doctor attempts to escape, Tegan will open a cage of infected rats. As the Doctor moves forward, Tegan reaches for the cage – and the Doctor urges her not to open it: "If you do it's the end for us all!"

PART FOUR

The Doctor uses a powerpack to stun Mace and then grabs Tegan before she can complete her task. He disconnects both their bracelets and they set about escaping from the cell. The Terileptil leaves on the miller's cart with its deadly cargo, sending the android to capture the TARDIS. In the woods, Adric escapes the villagers when they see 'Death'. The boy follows the android and watches as it forces its way into the TARDIS. Nyssa manages to activate the sonic booster and destroy the robot. She and Adric then set about piloting the TARDIS to the manor house where they collect the Doctor, Tegan and Mace – who have overpowered the miller and deduced that the aliens' plan is centred on London.

The Doctor dematerialises the TARDIS and scans London for electrical emissions, thus pinpointing the Terileptils' base. The leader has already arrived at a hideout in a bakery, where it meets with the other two Terileptils to have survived the escape pod's crash. The TARDIS lands, and a fight ensues when the Doctor and Mace confront the aliens. A Terileptil weapon is dropped close to some burning straw and explodes; the Terileptils perish as the soliton gas generator blows up. The Doctor's party escape. The infected rats on the cart are thrown into the fire and Mace helps to fight the spreading blaze. The Doctor and friends depart; the Doctor is happy that history is running its course. A street sign burning outside the bakery reads 'Pudding Lane'.

"There are no other worlds!"

In the Squire's manor house, the Doctor energises a control bracelet and warns Richard Mace that the glowing device could take over his mind.

MACE Nonsense sir. That glow is but a conjuring trick. I'm a man of the theatre. I am not impressed by trickery, however clever it is.
DOCTOR Well, this is a trick you won't see done for many a day. *(Taking the power pack from the control bracelet, he discharges it to earth with a tremendous crackle of energy)* That's what happens when you discharge a power pack.
MACE How does this 'android', as you call him, come from another world? There are no other worlds. Any fool knows that!
DOCTOR Why are Earth people so . . . parochial?

From The Visitation *Part Two*
by Eric Saward

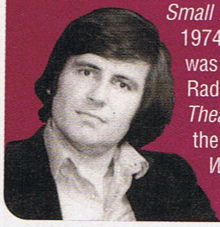
In Production

Writer Eric A Saward was approached in spring 1980 by Christopher H Bidmead, *Doctor Who*'s new script editor, and asked to submit a three- or four-page storyline for the series; this invitation came after Bidmead, ringing around in his quest for new writers, had called a friend who had script-edited several radio thrillers written by Saward. Never having written for television before, and unfamiliar with the regular characters on *Doctor Who*, Saward turned to an ambition he had always harboured – to make a film about life in mediaeval England. The precise setting was inspired by academic studies which a former girlfriend, Paula, had undertaken into the Great Fire of London of 1666 (and, more specifically, the new architecture of the subsequently rebuilt capital). Paula had remarked that the black rat responsible for the Great Plague of the previous months became virtually extinct after the blaze; Saward judged that an imaginative explanation for this phenomenon, and a study of the social conditions of the age, would make a good backdrop for a 'traditional' *Doctor Who* serial.

Drawing upon his memories of early seventies *Doctor Who*, Saward concocted a storyline set at

WRITER ERIC SAWARD

Eric A Saward was born in December 1944. After completing his education, he took various jobs, including working as an estate agent, a publisher's proof-reader, a bookshop sales assistant and an electrician, also training as an English teacher. He worked at an oil refinery in Holland for three years, during which time he briefly married. In his early twenties, he began to write a great deal and had short stories published. His first attempt at scriptwriting came in 1965 when he submitted a play entitled *The Shelter*, written with Marijke van Velsen, to BBC Radio. Saward submitted radio ideas regularly from 1971, finding success with his second submission, an ironic thriller called *The Fall and Fall of David Moore*, which was broadcast on Radio 4 in September 1972. At the age of 30, he gave up teaching to concentrate on writing and had some success with thriller plays for BBC radio, including *Circumstantial Evidence* and *Small Monet*, broadcast in April 1974 and December 1976. It was through his work for Radio 4's *Saturday Night Theatre* that he was drawn to the attention of the *Doctor Who* production office by his former script editor.



the time of the Great Fire involving not only an archetypal *Doctor Who* monster but also Richard Mace, an actor-manager character who had been the central figure in several of his radio plays. The storyline was written up in April 1980, and submitted under a title which Saward himself admitted was absurd, *The Invasion of the Plague Men*. *Doctor Who*'s new producer, John Nathan-Turner, had reservations about the synopsis, which reminded him strongly of 1977's Victorian London-bound *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*. Wary of what he perceived as the humorous excesses injected by the show's previous production team, Nathan-Turner was also uncertain about the inclusion of the semi-serious Mace character.

Sawards's storyline sat on the shelf for some time as Nathan-Turner and Bidmead battled to get scripts lined up for their first season. That summer, Saward tuned into repeats of *Destiny of the Daleks* and *City of Death* in order to refamiliarise himself with the series (he'd view other, older episodes later).

On Tuesday 23 September, Bidmead commissioned Saward to write a scene breakdown of his original outline, now referred to as *The Plague Rats*. This, Saward found difficult due to changes among the series' regular characters. New companions were planned, of whom Adric had been in use for several months while Tegan had only just been cast; within weeks, Nyssa would also join the line-up, but the length of time which the characters would remain on the show was undefined. Furthermore, Saward was aware that lead actor Tom Baker was to leave the series and that a younger man was being considered to replace him.

Saward delivered his breakdown in October, and on Thursday 20 November Bidmead formally commissioned him for a set of four scripts under the title *The Visitation*. As he worked, Saward kept in mind the sort of adventure programmes he had enjoyed watching in his teens. The inclusion of Richard Mace also helped; the character's thespian background allowed the use of rich language.

In December, Bidmead informed Saward that he was leaving *Doctor Who*, and suggested that Saward should apply for his job. Saward acted upon the recommendation – only to hear that the post had already been filled by Antony Root, who was on attachment from the Drama Script Unit. What Saward did not realise when he delivered his scripts to Root in January 1981 was that this was only a three-month secondment, following which Root would be moving on.

In conversations with Root, Saward was asked to tighten up the scripts, which were intended for use later in the new season. In particular, the character of Tegan, the Doctor's new Australian companion, was emerging prominently, and needed to be more 'bolshie'. Likewise, the character of the Fifth Doctor still under discussion, and needed refining. One directive given Saward by Nathan-Turner was to 'write out' the Doctor's sonic screwdriver, a seemingly all-purpose device which – like K9 – had got the Doctor out of many tight spots since its introduction in 1968's *Fury From the Deep*. Nathan-Turner wanted a greater emphasis on the Doctor using his own ingenuity to escape various predicaments.

Impressed with Saward's handling of the scripts, Root also recommended him as his replacement to Nathan-Turner. In March, the producer telephoned Saward to say that Root was about to move onto *Juliet Bravo* and would not be returning to *Doctor Who* for three months – if at all. Surprised by the call, Saward accepted the three-month trial period as script editor offered.

Saward joined the production team during April, inheriting several scripts commissioned by his precursors. By now, *The Visitation* had been brought forward in the production schedule due to the loss of *Project Zeta Sigma*, the serial originally planned to introduce Peter Davison's Doctor. Moving on at this point was Barry Letts, the show's executive producer over the previous year; Letts had been appointed to guide Nathan-Turner, then new to producership, but had found his role increasingly diminished. Although he commented on the first two Davison stories to go before the camera, he received no credit on the finished programmes.

Leaving the manor, the Doctor, Nyssa (Sarah Sutton) and itinerant rogue Richard Mace (Michael Robbins) contemplate their next move

The script for Part One of *The Visitation* set the scene firmly: "We are in 17th century England. The room is furnished as for a moderately well off country squire." The Squire was named as John, and his daughter Emily (renamed Elizabeth close to production) looks out at the night sky "as seen from the northern hemisphere on Earth around the early part of August". The family were to be playing the game of Nine Men's Morris.

SCRIPTING RICHARD MACE

In total, Eric Saward wrote five radio scripts about his Victorian actor, detective, drunk and master of disguise Richard Mace. The first, *The Assassin: Or How Michael Agate Alias Richard Mace Became Involved in the Death of Sir Edward Stockley and Lived to Tell the Tale* was submitted in June 1973. A revised version, *The Assassin*, was delivered in August 1973 and was broadcast on Radio 4's *Afternoon Theatre* on Saturday 1 June 1974. This concerned a link between an assassin and the Jack the Ripper murders of the 1880s; Richard Mace (played by Geoffrey Matthews) and his man Roundtree assisted Inspector Maitland and Sergeant Bound of the London Police. The second was *Pegasus*, submitted as a synopsis in February 1974 and transmitted Wednesday 21 May 1975, in which Mace again helps Maitland and Bound, this time with the case of an attempt by arch-villain Professor Kaspar Gutman to capture a new airship. The third and fourth plays, *The Arch Villain* (submitted as a synopsis in June 1975) and *The Professor* (submitted December 1975) were not produced. The fifth, *The Nemesis Machine*, was delivered in January 1976 and transmitted Friday 13 August, 1976; here, Mace again battles Gutman in a fog-bound London, this time with Gutman attempting to steal a new X-Ray machine.

SCRIPTING
THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON

Carefully constructed to only hint at the spread of the Great Plague, Eric Saward's scripts for *The Visitation* obscured the fact that the narrative would eventually lead to the Great Fire of London (something which the Doctor claimed he had been accused of starting in the 1975 adventure *Pyramids of Mars*). Although the first scenes in Part One were set in early August, as specified in the script, the remaining events covered the period leading up to the small hours of Sunday 2 September 1666. The blaze began at Thomas Farynor's Bakery, one of the wooden buildings in Pudding Lane. The flames were fanned by a strong wind, and spread via the tinder-dry houses of the adjoining streets, all of which had baked in the summer heat. The inferno gripped the city for four days; on Thursday 6, the winds slackened and the blaze was brought under control. Much of London City had by this time been destroyed, including the original St Paul's Cathedral.

> "It's a thrilling piece of storytelling with a great twist. Peter Davison came into rehearsals full of beans, shaking the script which he thought was fantastic!"
>
> **Matthew Waterhouse**

The monsters of the piece, the Terileptils, drew their name from the description 'territorial reptile'. Saward intended that the main Terileptil should not be revealed until well into Part Two; it was to be only partly illuminated in candlelight on the manor house stairs and, in the 'crashed escape pod' film sequence, shot so that the audience "hear, but cannot see, a Terileptil grasping for breath as he lumbers about in the undergrowth". Saward originally described the aliens as being "about seven foot tall, powerfully built" with "a life expectancy of about 350 years"; the scripts indicated that the leader "speaks with a voice not unlike a hissing wheeze". In Part Three, a second Terileptil was to appear on a screen to hear its leader's report, where it "lets out a loud hissing-roar of pleasure". The leader tells the Doctor that the "carbuncle-like growths" on its face were contracted in the tinclavic mines on Raaga. As the leader perishes in Part Four, the intense heat "has caused parts of his face to swell up like bubbles. As they burst liquid comes out."

The Terileptil Android, described as having a steel fist, was "huge, magnificent, powerful – a machine to marvel at. Its appearance is beautiful and it moves gracefully." The Android uses a "stun ray" on the Doctor's party in the cellar; often seen dressed as a Death figure, it has a scythe in hand when seen at the miller's barn in Part Three, where "the android's image as the Great Reaper is complete".

Saward's script was written so that the audience would hear Mace before seeing him; the actor-highwayman is introduced with the stage direction "the plummy voice of Richard Mace is heard", after which the Doctor and his companions "see the portly figure of Richard Mace lounging on the limb of a tree, gun in hand".

The script emphasised the fact that the Terileptil leader's laboratory has been specially constructed (hence the building noises indicated by Saward in the montage shots showing the manor house at the start of Part One): "To create a gas-tight unit, the lab has been hollowed out underground along-side the cellar." Concerning the Terileptil technology, the script for Part Two also included a special note: "The function of the 'Control' bracelet is to control the conscious mind of the wearer. His speech, movements, intelligence and skills are unaffected."

In Part Four, Saward specified that the cart should stand before Thomas Farynor's Bakery. The TARDIS scanner displays "an aerial view of a section of Pre-Great Fire London (This need be little more than a line drawing) . . . The section of London showing Southwark, London Bridge and the Thames . . . on the North side of the Thames, alongside London Bridge." The Doctor was scripted to hum the traditional nursery rhyme *London's Burning* in the closing scenes.

Continuity aspects included reference to Adric's homing device (from *Full Circle*) in Part One, and the character's comment that Alzarians recover faster from injury than humans. Part Two ended with the Doctor saying in response to the threat of immminent decapitation, "Not again!" – a reference to a similar cliffhanger used to close Part Three of *Four to Doomsday*, the second Davison serial broadcast, recorded during April/May.

Peter Moffatt, an old associate of the producer, who had brought *State of Decay* in on time and to budget the previous summer, was assigned to direct *The Visitation*. The budget was slightly larger than usual, since the studio-bound *Four to Doomsday* had been relatively inexpensive to produce.

The Visitation was to be the first *Doctor Who* story for its four main designers: Ken Starkey on scenic matters, Odile Dicks-Mireaux on costume, Carolyn Perry on make-up and Peter Wragg on visual effects. While the others would return to the series, this was Starkey's only *Doctor Who* work. Perry, who had worked mainly on light entertainment programmes such as *The Marti Caine Show*, had been an assistant on *Genesis of the Daleks*. Wragg had joined the BBC in 1976 as an assistant after serving an apprenticeship with Century 21 Productions.

The main guest star for the serial was Michael Robbins, suggested to Nathan-Turner by Moffatt. Robbins was best known for his television work in sitcoms such as *On the Buses* and *How's Your Father*, but he had also appeared in films such as *The Pink Panther Strikes Again* and undertaken much stage work, including a show which Nathan-Turner had co-produced; reportedly, Saward was unhappy when Robbins altered some of Mace's dialogue. The next lead part was that of the Terileptil leader; this went to Michael Melia, an actor known for tough-guy roles who later played ill-fated Queen Vic landlord Eddie Royle in *EastEnders*.

Perry researched the period costumes at the Museum of English Rural Life at Reading University; largely, outfits were hired from Berman and Nathans and the National Theatre. For the Android, Perry recalled a notion contained in Saward's script – that the Terileptils are lovers of beauty – and made it look like a sculpture; other

SCRIPT EDITOR ANTHONY ROOT

Following his leaving the production office during work on *The Visitation*, Antony Root did receive a script-editing credit on *Earthshock*, but this was largely a manoeuvre to avoid Saward being credited for editing his own scripts. After a stint on *Juliet Bravo*, Root moved on to *The Chinese Detective* before leaving the BBC in 1984. Moving to Euston Films, he worked on several crime thrillers, such as *The Fear*, as both script editor and script executive before joining Working Title on prestigious productions such as *Lorna Doone*, Derek Jarman's *Edward II* and the acclaimed *Tales of the City*. From 1995, Root spent a period as Head of Drama at Thames Television, and has most recently been executive producer on an adaptation of *Far From the Madding Crowd*.

sources of inspiration came from suits of armour and 1930s references. The costume also incorporated cricketing gloves, ski boots and mock-precious stones.

Shooting on 16mm film began at 9am on Friday 1 May on Stage 2 of the BBC Television Film Studios at Ealing. Principal cast required numbered the four regulars along with Robbins and Melia. The first scenes scheduled were those in the street outside the London bakery in Part Four. Starkey's street set only went up one level, and a glass painting was used to add upper storeys and skyline to shots of the Terileptil leader arriving on his horse and cart. Scenes where the Doctor's party venture inside the Bakery's oven room were also filmed. In the afternoon, insert shots of the leader's gun exploding and the ensuing blaze were filmed under carefully-controlled conditions, due to the use of gas-jet fires and falling 'debris'. The final scene was the closing sequence, where a burning street sign gives the location as Pudding Lane. The following day, Davison took part in a radio interview on *Spotlight on Four* where he discussed his approach to his new role.

Location filming recommenced on Tuesday 5 at Black Park, a wooded area near Iver behind Pinewood Studios; for years the haunt of many Hammer Films, it had also stood in for the surface of Alzarius in *Full Circle* the previous year. The regulars and Robbins were required, along with Richard Hampton and Neil West as the principal villager and the poacher respectively, plus several extras. Shooting started with the establishing shots of the crashed Terileptil escape pod, achieved via another glass painting. Day-for-night shooting, where a dark filter was placed over the camera lens, was employed in various sequences throughout the serial. In the afternoon, several Part Two scenes showing the Doctor, Nyssa and Mace being cornered by the Terileptil-controlled villagers were filmed. The villagers' 'control bracelets' were battery-powered props built by Wragg.

Visual effects designer Peter Wragg helps Michael Melia into his Terileptil suit

Watching the previous day's rushes *en route* to the Wednesday shoot, Nathan-Turner had noted that the face of one character was obscured by a shadow at one point, and requested a reshoot from Moffatt. Overhead noise from aircraft on a flight path to and from Heathrow airport disrupted work, and the crew fell slightly behind schedule.

The cast was now joined by Peter Van Dissel, who played the Android, and by stunt arrangers Alan Chuntz and Stuart Fell, both of whom had many years' experience on the show. The weather was poor as shooting of Part Two scenes set in the woods commenced; these included shots of the controlled villagers being summoned, necessitating the presence of a live rabbit to be captured by the poacher. Part Four scenes showing the Android, then Adric's capture and escape from the villagers, followed. The fight between the TARDIS crew and the villagers in Part One was shot in the afternoon. The melée was arranged by Fell; Mace's pistols fired blanks. During filming, Nathan-Turner intervened to request another reshoot; at one point Davison had inadvertently trodden on the body of one of his felled assailants.

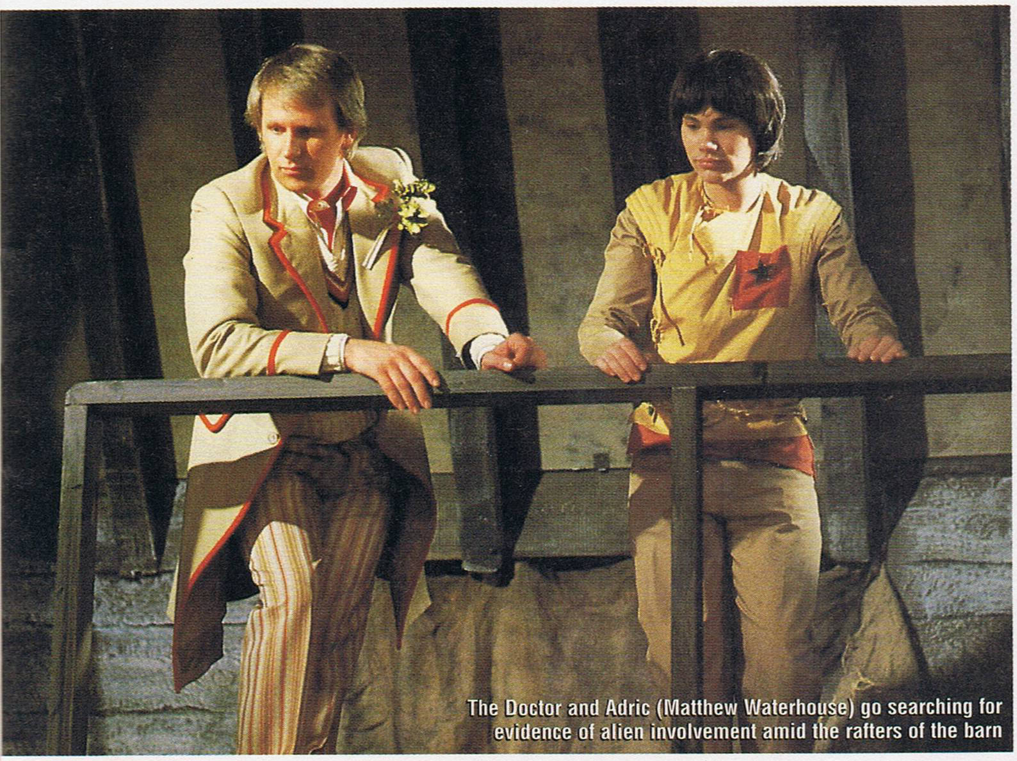
Having fallen behind on the Wednesday, on Thursday 7 Moffatt's crew were blessed by a Heathrow air traffic controllers' strike, meaning there was little disturbance from planes passing overhead; progress was consequently far swifter than expected and much lost time was made up. Further woodland scenes were filmed, including all those outside the TARDIS, where a photocall for Davison and his co-stars was arranged. Parts One and Three scenes were shot in the morning; in the afternoon, the small-scale scuffles between the villagers and the Android in Parts Three and Four were supervised by Fell. A number of shots to be seen via the TARDIS scanner were also filmed on this day.

The final location day, Friday 8, was devoted to the scenes at Squire John's home. The venue was The Tithe Barn at Hurley near Maidenhead; located by production manager Roselyn Parker, this was an Elizabethan manor house with a lych gate located at the end of a cul-de-sac, eliminating problems with traffic noise (although the crew were still plagued by extraneous sound from lawnmowers, helicopters and aircraft). The building had been refurbished by a wealthy stockbroker, who at the time was having a nuclear shelter built in his garden. Starkey's team had to remove an electric lamp on the house exterior and conceal a burglar alarm beneath ivy.

DESIGN THE TERILEPTILS

Props builder Richard Gregory of Imagineering, a company based at Witney near Oxford, spent a lot of time creating the Terileptils, one of the most expensive elements of the production. Imagineering, who had previously worked on *Four to Doomsday*, produced three bodies and two rubber heads, while the third head – that of the leader – was a radio-controlled item, complete with moving lips and gills, designed and operated by Peter Wragg. The bodies were designed by Odile Dicks-Mireaux, who based her design on tropical fish; these were realised as latex bodies of leggings and sleeves with a fibreglass chest shell fitting over the main torso.

Morning filming included, among others, establishing shots of the manor house for Part One, and the arrival of the Doctor's party, where they see the miller departing on his horse and cart. In the afternoon, the action moved to the side gate for the Part Two sequence where the Doctor, Nyssa and Mace depart, following which various scenes showing the cart being loaded in Parts One, Three and Four were filmed at the rear of the property. The sunny afternoon's work ended with a day-for-night shot showing the Terileptil driving the cart to London. By this time,



The Doctor and Adric (Matthew Waterhouse) go searching for evidence of alien involvement amid the rafters of the barn

> **"I liked the stories about the Doctor interfering with history – these great, mystifying things like, 'Who started the Great Fire of London?'"**
>
> **Peter Davison**

a jovial local policeman had turned up to ask if he could have his box back – a quip the film crew found scarcely original – and the cast were plagued by schoolchildren for autographs at 4.00pm, although the youngsters only really recognised Waterhouse.

Also on Friday 8, Saward rewrote the opening TARDIS scenes between Tegan and Nyssa. Having familiarised himself with Christopher Bailey's scripts for *Kinda* (the serial which would precede *The Visitation* on broadcast, but which had not yet entered production), Saward included references to events on Deva Loka, Tegan's possession by the Mara and how Nyssa had been asleep in the 'delta-wave augmentor'. The opening TARDIS scenes continued a narrative thread established in *Four to Doomsday* – attempting to get Tegan back to Heathrow in 1981.

Rehearsals for studio recordings began on Monday 11 in Room 201 at the BBC's Acton Rehearsal Rooms. Davison particularly liked the scripts, thinking the story well-plotted; he was glad to see the sonic screwdriver destroyed, believing the Doctor should carry lots of odd everyday objects about him to use in different situations. He was also pleased to be working with Moffatt once more, whom he'd worked with on *All Creatures Great and Small*.

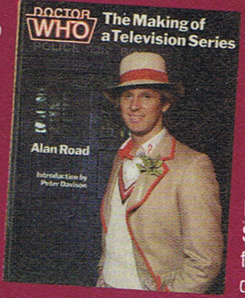
Recording began in Studio 3 at Television Centre on Wednesday 20 May. The first day comprised an evening session between 7.30 and 10.00pm. Work began on the Stable set and adjoining Harness Room for scenes in Parts Two and Three. The carthorse and a mule were brought into studio, along with some caged rats; the set was very cramped, and left little room for Davison and Robbins to move as the horse and cart departed. During the beheading sequence which closes Part Two, Robbins was forced to the floor a little too strongly, inflaming his Housemaid's Knee and requiring a nurse to be called. For the Harness Room scenes in Part Three, part of the wall was constructed to shatter as the Android forcibly entered the room. Voice recordings in which the villagers report to the Leader were made. The Part Two scenes in the Escape Pod were recorded next, with special effects inserts including shots of arrows being fired into the capsule and the detonation of a flash charge attached to the secondary exit.

In addition to the evening session, afternoon recording on the second studio day, Thursday 21, was scheduled for between 2.30 and 5.15pm. Taping began on the composite sets of the TARDIS console room, corridor and girls' room for the opening scenes of Part One; the bedroom shared by Nyssa and Tegan was a variation on that used by Romana the previous season, and was dressed with props including Tegan's hat, Nyssa's coat (although apparently lost during the course of Davison's new debut story *Castrovalva,* which had yet to enter production) and her original skirt. As usual, a CSO screen allowed images of the woods shot on location to be placed into the TARDIS scanner. During camera rehearsals, Davison discovered that one of the console controls was loose, and used this during his "fly off the handle" speech.

A number of brief Bakery Back Room scenes for Parts Three and Four, intercut with pre-filmed inserts, were recorded next. No flames were lit during recording; the fire effect was achieved via clever lighting. Cameras then moved back to the composite TARDIS sets to record the scenes for Parts Three and Four in sequence. The wooden stand used by Nyssa had featured in *The Keeper of Traken*. A number of effects were required for the destruction of the Android in Part Four. Flash charges were attached to the power cable and door, and props were vibrated while the generator was in action. A dummy Android was blown up in the studio; a fire extinguisher housed in a drainpipe was used on-screen to dampen the blazing form. The final set used that evening was the Barn, where Mace is living in Part One; a glass painting established the roof of the two-level set.

Rehearsals for the second studio began on Saturday 23. Nathan-Turner had been unhappy with the dialogue in Part One's opening TARDIS scene, and on Friday 29 a new opening scene between the Doctor, Nyssa and Adric was written (including various references to *Kinda*, such as Adric's wounding of Aris from inside the TSS). Also rewritten were several of Part One's manor

MERCHANDISE THE MAKING OF A TELEVISION SERIES


DOCTOR WHO
The Making of a Television Series
Alan Road
Introduction by Peter Davison

Production of *The Visitation* was covered in detail by Alan Road in his book *Doctor Who – The Making of a Television Series*; this was published in hardback by André Deutsch Ltd in July 1982 and in paperback by Puffin in 1983. Road was both a writer and editor of junior educational books and a journalist on *The Observer* who found himself commissioned to write the book early in 1981; this was a volume in the *Facts About a . . .* series, which Deutsch had purchased. *The Visitation* was selected by the production office as a typical serial comprising both film and studio work. Accompanied by photographer Richard Farley, Road spent several days with the production team, getting comments from cast members Peter Davison, Janet Fielding, Matthew Waterhouse and Michael Melia, production secretaries Jane Judge and Fiona Duncan, production assistant Julia Randall, production manager Ros Parker, production associate Angela Smith, film cameraman Peter Chapman, film sound recordist Stan Nightingale, designers Carolyn Perry, Odile Dicks-Mireaux and Ken Starkey, prominent fan David Saunders, director Peter Moffatt, writer Eric Saward and producer John Nathan-Turner. Davison also wrote an introduction for the book, which contained many behind-the-scenes photographs.

house scenes (Nyssa and the Doctor entering via the window, Nyssa feeling nervous in the Back Hall, and Nyssa admitting Mace, Tegan and Adric into the Main Hall). Only one day's recording would involve the people at the manor house; the cast included John Savident (who featured in the sitcom *Father Charlie*) as the Squire and Anthony Calf (who later featured in *Beau Geste*) as Charles. John Baker, playing Ralph, had previously been a Time Lord in *Colony in Space*.

The second studio session began with an evening recording in TC6 on Wednesday 3 June. All the scenes in the manor house (which consisted of a Main Hall, Front Hall, Back Hall and Cellar Stairs) featuring Squire John and his family were recorded first. Point-of-view shots concealed the Terileptil, flash charges were detonated to simulate the impact of the energy weapons and another glass shot was used during Elizabeth's appearance in the opening scene. The Part Two scene in which Tegan and Adric attempt to escape was recorded next, followed by the remaining Parts One and Two Hall scenes in sequence.

Afternoon and evening recording on Thursday 4 saw a continuation of the action in the manor house halls for Part Four, including the materialisation of the TARDIS in a locked-off camera shot. Scenes on the Cellar Stairs and Back Stairs bridging Parts One and Two were then recorded, with a locked-off CSO shot used to achieve the effect of the Doctor's appearance through an apparently solid wall. Recording then continued largely in sequence, for the Passage Way and Cellar sequences early in Part Two. After this, scenes in the Laboratory were recorded for Parts Two and Three; another locked-off shot was lined up for the scene in which the cellar wall vanished, revealing the laboratory. A monochrome monitor showed pre-recorded Sony U-matic inserts of the Doctor's party in the hall, film of the trio leaving the grounds and the other two Terileptils recorded in the first studio. Further scenes were taped in the room where Tegan and Adric are held and corridor outside, plus the Laboratory for Part Two; the final scene that evening was the first Part Three Lab sequence.

The final studio day, Friday 5, spanned the afternoon and evening. The outstanding scenes for Parts Three and Four were recorded basically in sequence, although a number of scenes in Part Four were scheduled around whether or not the wall between the Laboratory and Cellar was in place. A plastic version of the sonic screwdriver burned up on cue when fired upon by the Terileptil in Part Three. For the scene where the miller is overpowered, Fielding changed her scripted surprise greeting of "Hello" to the more Australian "G'day!" With the main action completed, a number of cutaway inserts were recorded, including: all the instances of electrical discharges from power-packs (the Doctor's demonstration to Mace in Part Two, for example), achieved by means of a superimposed spark generator five seconds' stock 16mm film of fireworks to represent the arrival of the escape pod in Part One; the map of London seen on the TARDIS scanner; and the melting of the Terileptil leader's head (Swarfega was used as the latex dummy melted, and a balloon swelled up from beneath the burning skull). The final sequence recorded was the new opening scene in the TARDIS console room.

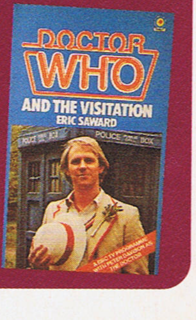
With this session completed, production on *Doctor Who* was stood down for a few weeks, allowing Davison to record the second season of his BBC sitcom *Sink or Swim*.

A number of electronic effects were added at the gallery-only session a few days later: the escape pod seen by Elizabeth was a video effect; the Terileptil's gun fired a green ray to kill Ralph and destroy the sonic screwdriver; a blue cone

> "I enjoyed The Visitation. I knew what I was doing, more or less, which I sometimes didn't on the outer space ones!"
>
> **Peter Moffatt**

MERCHANDISE DOCTOR WHO AND THE VISITATION

Eric Saward novelised the serial himself for Target Books under the title *Doctor Who and the Visitation.* Artist David McAllister produced a cover painting depicting the Doctor, the Death version of the android and the Terileptil leader against a blazing backdrop. Unfortunately, Davison disliked the likeness captured of him, a ruling upheld by Nathan-Turner. As a result of this, WH Allen dropped the painting and substituted a publicity photograph of the Doctor outside the TARDIS; this set a new precedent where photographic montages would be used on the cover of the new Peter Davison books. The book was issued in both paperback and hardback in August 1982 and formed part of The Second Doctor Who Gift Set that Autumn. Latterly numbered Book No. 69, it was re-issued as *Doctor Who – The Visitation* in February 1992, with a cover painting by Alister Pearson.



"London's burning, London's burning . . ." The Doctor decides that some fires should be left to burn

appeared as the rats were given plague injection in Part Three; a purple ray was fired by the Android in Parts Two and Four; a white line swept the map of London on the TARDIS screen in Part Four; and a Quantel 5000 frame store was used to show the effects of Nyssa's vibration generator in Parts Three and Four.

In editing, there were barely any cuts made at all. Part Two opened with a different set of shots in its reprise to those which had closed Part One, and two minor trims were made to it. In the first, the Doctor asks Mace to help rescue Tegan and Adric, pointing out that if it had not been for Adric they would not have escaped; Mace agrees, but "returning to the cellar would be nothing more than a futile gesture". A short scene showing Adric and Tegan trying to escape via the front door, which is now locked, was also removed; in this, Tegan suggests using the window by which Nyssa and the Doctor entered. A small trim to Part Three was Nyssa's complaining that she hopes Tegan appreciates her effort as she drags equipment about the TARDIS.

The incidental score for the serial was composed by Paddy Kingsland, who had just left the BBC Radiophonic Workshop after ten years; he had worked on four serials the previous season. Because of the historical setting, Kingsland had shifted to more conventional sounds in his electronic composition, evoking a period feel through simulations of flute, organ, harp and drum – contrasting these with a harsher electronic score for the alien Terileptils. Around 35 minutes' music was recorded in total, with Kingsland reusing a theme which he had created for Tegan in *Logopolis* in Part One.

Promotional material for the serial was issued on Tuesday 17 November 1981; the selling points were emphasised as being the regulars, guest star Michael Robbins and "Excellent new monsters/Aliens – The Terileptils and their Android". While BBC1 transmitted *The Visitation* on Mondays and Tuesdays, BBC Cymru broadcast the serial on Monday and Wednesday evenings. The ratings were an improvement on both *Four to Doomsday* and *Kinda*, with a million viewers joining the show during *The Visitation*'s run. Monday night competition on ITV was regional programmes followed by *Wish You Were Here*, while the Tuesday episodes were shown opposite the soap opera *Emmerdale Farm* in most ITV regions.

The serial was also selected for repeats during August 1983. The repeats were generally run against regional news programmes on ITV or editions of the very popular Central soap opera *Crossroads*. As expected, the viewing figures for a mid-summer repeat were very low.

The Visitation was sold abroad to ABC Australia in April 1982, airing later that year; to achieve a G rating, shots of the fight with the Terileptils and the leader's head melting were removed from Part Four. New Zealand broadcast the serial in June 1983 with a repeat in October 1988, and Holland transmitted the serial as *Het Bezoek* in October/November 1985. In North America, Lionheart syndicated *The Visitation* as a serial, and as a TV Movie of one hour 29 minutes' duration.

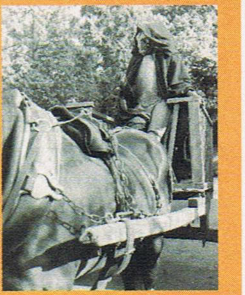
The Visitation was selected to represent the Peter Davison era at the Twenty Years of a Time Lord celebration in Longleat in April 1983. In July 1994, BBC Video issued the serial on video along with the subsequent story, *Black Orchid*, as a double videotape pack; the cover was painted by Pete Wallbank. UK Gold broadcast *The Visitation* in episodic form in July 1994 with compilation broadcasts in September 1994, June 1996 and December 1997. DWM

SERIAL 5X **THE VISITATION**

CAST **Peter Davison** *The Doctor* with **John Savident** *The Squire* [1]*, **Anthony Calf** *Charles* [1], **John Baker** *Ralph* [1], **Valerie Fyfer** *Elizabeth* [1], **Peter Van Dissel** *Android*, **Matthew Waterhouse** *Adric*, **Sarah Sutton** *Nyssa*, **Janet Fielding** *Tegan*, **Richard Hampton** *Villager* [1-3], **Michael Robbins** *Richard Mace*, **James Charlton** *Miller*, **Michael Melia** *Terileptil* [2-4]**, **Neil West** *Poacher* [2-3], **Eric Dodson** *Headman* [3].

*Billed as 'Squire John' in *Radio Times*

**Billed as 'Terileptil Leader' in *Radio Times*



EXTRAS **Stuart Fell**, **Alan Chuntz** *Stuntmen/Masked Villagers*; **Charles Adey-Grey**, **Keith Guest** *Masked Villagers*; **Thomas Knox** *Woodcutter*; **James Tye** *Farmhand*; **Jeff Wayne** *Scytheman*; **Tom Gandl**, **Victor Croxford**, **Bill Whitehead** *Villagers*; **David Sumner**, **Michael Leader** *Terileptils*; **Don Paul** *Nightwatchman.*

CREDITS *Written by* **Eric Saward**. *Incidental Music* **Paddy Kingsland**. *Special Sound* **Dick Mills**. *Production Manager* **Roselyn Parker**. *Production Associate* **Angela Smith**. *Production Assistant* **Julia Randall**. *Assistant Floor Manager* **Alison Symington**. *Film Cameraman* **Peter Chapman**. *Film Sound* **Stan Nightingale**. *Film Editor* **Ken Bilton**. *Visual Effects Designer* **Peter Wragg**. *Video Effects* **Dave Jervis**. *Vision Mixer* **Carol Johnson**. *Technical Manager* **Derek Martin**. *Senior Cameraman* **Alec Wheal**. *Videotape Editor* **Rod Waldron**. *Studio Lighting* **Henry Barber**. *Studio Sound* **Alan Machin**. *Costume Designer* **Odile Dicks-Mireaux**. *Make-up Artist* **Carolyn Perry**. *Script Editor* **Antony Root**. *Title Sequence* **Sid Sutton**. *Designer* **Ken Starkey**. *Producer* **John Nathan-Turner**. *Director* **Peter Moffatt**. *BBC © 1981*

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION*

Episode	*Transmitted*	*Time*	*Drn.*	*Rating (pos.)*	*A.App*
Part One	15 February 1982	6.55-7.20pm	24'11"	9.1M (54th)	-
Part Two	16 February 1982	7.05-7.30pm	24'26"	9.3M (48th)	-
Part Three	22 February 1982	6.55-7.20pm	24'24"	9.9M (41st)	-
Part Four	23 February 1982	7.05-7.30pm	23'32"	10.1M (40th)	-

*Except BBC Cymru: 15 February, 17 February and 22 February 1982 (7.45-8.10pm) and 24 February 1982 (8.10-8.35pm)

REPEATS

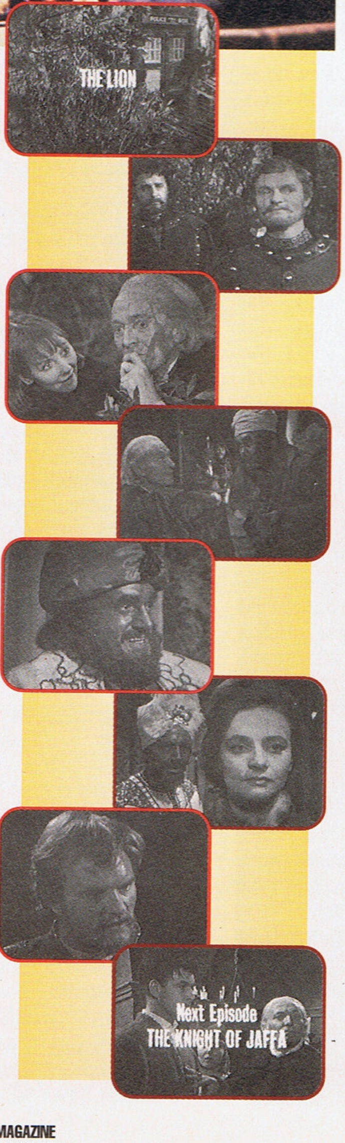
Part One	15 August 1983	6.25-6.50pm	24'11"	4.3M (85th)	63
Part Two	16 August 1983	6.30-6.55pm	24'26"	4.6M (79th)	64
Part Three	17 August 1983	6.25-6.50pm	24'24"	3.6M (104th)	67
Part Four	18 August 1983	6.25-6.50pm	23'32"	4.8M (75th)	61

The Crusade: The Lion discovered in New Zealand

The reel of fortune

We felt like Indiana Joneses, say fans who found an episode lost for 30 years

New Zealand fan Paul Scoones describes his part in the amazing story of how a black-and-white Hartnell historical came back to the BBC . . .



Thirty years to the month after the BBC wiped its master copy of *The Crusade*'s first episode, *The Lion* – as was common practice throughout the late sixties and early seventies – a film print of this William Hartnell-starring instalment has been discovered in Auckland, New Zealand. Absent for three decades, a copy is now safely back in the BBC's archives.

For just over seven years, since *The Tomb of the Cybermen* was recovered from Hong Kong in late 1991, the *Doctor Who* missing episode count has stayed put at 110. The failure to find anything further throughout most of the nineties has led fans to despair of ever turning up anything else; indeed dedicated episode-hunter Ian Levine recently declared in an interview on *The Missing Years* video that he now believes there will always be 110 lost episodes. Less than two months after *The Missing Years* was released, Levine has been proved wrong by a discovery on the other side of the world.

The 16mm optical sound film print of *The Lion* was purchased by Auckland film collector Bruce Grenville at a film collectors' fair in Napier, New Zealand, around June 1998. Bruce says he was doing the rounds of the traders' stalls when the film can marked *Doctor Who* caught his eye. Astonishingly, it was sitting in a 'junk pile' of cheaply-priced films. The seller believed the film had little value as an incomplete adventure; if he'd had all four episodes of the story, then it might be worth something, Bruce was told. Bruce himself was none the wiser as to the rarity of the film – but bought it anyway, as he had fond memories of watching the series.

Over the next six months, Bruce would occasionally dig out the film and screen it at home for friends on his 16mm film projector. One of those friends, Cornelius Stone, was aware that many *Doctor Who* episodes were missing, but naturally assumed that since Bruce had obtained a copy so easily, it was unlikely to be one that the BBC needed.

Some time later, Cornelius casually mentioned in conversation to *Doctor Who* fan Neil Lambess that he'd seen "a Hartnell episode set in the time of the Crusades". Neil had for a long time harboured the belief that missing episodes might exist in New Zealand, and was immediately interested. At first Neil thought it was likely that Cornelius had seen *The Wheel of Fortune*, the surviving third episode of *The Crusade*, but asked him to find out more about the film anyway. Cornelius later got back to Neil, telling him that it was the first episode of the story and had the on-screen title *The Lion*. Scarcely believing his luck, Neil got in touch with Bruce Grenville and received an invitation to go and see the episode for himself.

It was at this stage that Neil contacted me. As the Coordinator of the New Zealand Doctor Who Fan Club, Neil felt that I would be in the best position to negotiate for the return of the film if the episode did in fact exist. I also had a video camera with which to take a record of the episode should borrowing the film itself prove to be a problem. We were cautiously excited but a little sceptical at this stage – although we had no specific reason to doubt anyone, it still seemed too good to be true . . .

We visited Bruce on the evening of Sunday 3 January, and in the darkened living room of Bruce's inner city flat, I set up my video camcorder to record the episode off the projector screen. Neil and I had consulted *The Crusade* script book beforehand, so we knew that if the very first thing we saw was a forest clearing, we'd be watching the right episode. Bruce flicked the switch and the familiar Hartnell title sequence began almost immediately. "At this stage," says Neil, "I was still expecting it to be episode three, but when a forest clearing came up at the end of the titles I felt like Indiana Jones discovering the Ark of the Covenant."

Bruce was bemused by our surprise and delight. He had been completely unaware that his film print held any real value, but was understandably a little reluctant to loan out his film in case it was never returned to him. The following day, I e-mailed Steve Roberts, a BBC engineer and key member of the BBC's unofficial *Doctor Who* Restoration Team, with the news of our discovery, and also posted off a VHS copy of my off-screen recording to him.

Armed with both an e-mailed assurance from Steve that the BBC only needed to borrow the film print for a few weeks at most, and my own personal guarantee that the film would be safely cared for and promptly returned, I visited Bruce again on Thursday 7 January, when he agreed to loan the print to the BBC. I despatched it by international courier to Steve on Friday 8 January.

The Lion is the only lost *Doctor Who* episode ever to found in New Zealand. Although Bruce (who regularly attends film collectors' fairs), says he has never come across any other *Doctor Who* film prints, the find raises renewed hopes that further lost episodes may still exist in this country, just waiting to be rediscovered. Motivated by our discovery, Neil and I will be making contact with film collectors and organisations around New Zealand in the hope that the number of missing episodes won't stay at 109 for very long.

The clean-up begins!

Picking up the saga, BBC Worldwide restoration expert Steve Roberts analyses the state of this new addition to the *Doctor Who* archive . . .

It came as a marvellous surprise to open my e-mail at the beginning of January to find Paul Scoones' amazing news waiting for me. Only a few days later, the postman delivered a VHS copy of the camcorder recording that Neil and Paul had made, enabling me to get the first look at the sort of damage we were going to be faced with when restoring the film. I must admit to a certain amount of trepidation as I put the cassette in the VCR, knowing that I was going to be the first person in the UK to have seen *The Lion* for many, many years!

As might be expected, the print has not managed to escape being damaged over the years. The most prominent faults are 'tramline' scratches running vertically over the picture. Many of them appear to be superficial, although in places there is obviously damage to the film emulsion. The first part of the restoration will involve a thorough ultrasonic film clean, followed by wet-gate telecine transfer which will hopefully render most of the superficial scratch damage invisible. Once the print has been transferred to digital videotape, the rest of the restoration will be carried out electronically, using some of the latest digital restoration tools. The BBC is a partner in the multinational AURORA video restoration project, part of which includes a tool to automatically detect and conceal tramline scratches, so we hope to put it to good use on this print.

Further work will be required to remove what appear to be burns where the print has stopped in the projector. Luckily, all appear on non-critical stationary areas of the picture, so can be repaired by merely patching over from the same area on an adjacent frame.

Rather more difficult to remove will be a small wandering hole punched through the bottom right-hand corner of the print, probably caused by the film being mislaced over a sprocket wheel at some point. This will be the most difficult to remove – and at this point I'm not entirely sure quite how we'll go about it.

Finally, the director credit is missing from the film, but it will be trivial to pinch this from the end of the third episode, *The Wheel of Fortune*.

Hopefully this discovery will help to renew some interest in the possibility of finding more missing episodes out there. And when they do turn up, you can be assured that we'll be ready and waiting to restore them back to their former glory.

"Doctor Who at its very best!"

Gary Russell has been lucky enough to see the returned episode already – and he's very far from disappointed.

Despite all the amazing brouhaha over the return of *The Lion* in the British, and indeed international press, no one has actually asked what the episode is actually *like*. Truth to tell, it is nothing short of superb.

Forget all those rumours that it is politically incorrect – or, more importantly, historically so – it's neither. If you view at it as a slice of typical sixties television, then it is no more racially dodgy than the sort of Charlton Heston or Kirk Douglas historical epics regularly screened on BBC1 on Sunday afternoons. Certainly, Roger Avon's Saphadin and Bernard Kay's Saladin are 'blacked up', but not in any grotesquely exaggerated way. These are not caricatures – indeed, Saladin is portrayed as a smooth, intelligent and just ruler. A stark contrast, then, to Julian Glover's Richard the Lionheart, who's seen as boorish, arrogant and spoiled as he casually dismisses the warnings of his men that the Saracens are nearby. As a result, they are attacked, his men killed or wounded and his only response is to claim how unfair life is!

As for the TARDIS crew – well, bearing in mind this is a David Whitaker script, the man who shaped the series as story editor a year previously, they are magnificent. In particular, William Hartnell's Doctor is on top form, whether engaged in the hard drama of posing as a gentleman at Richard's court or doing his (morally ambiguous) comedy routine with crooked clothier Ben Daheer – and Roy Evans from *EastEnders*, from whom he and Vicki cheerfully commit theft! Indeed, the Doctor is surprisingly handy with both his fists (he beats an already downed Saracen into submission) and a sword (engaging another in a bit of Errol Flynn-like japery).

Viewers anticipating blockbuster film-like locations, with hawks wheeling in the sky, as conjured up by the novelisation will be disappointed – as with *The Time Meddler* a year later, these forest locations are clearly studio sets no larger than your living room, but who cares? This is an example of historically-detailed *Doctor Who* at its very best, with charm, wit, style and conviction.

Lion about

Richard Molesworth and Paul Scoones ask how this episode ended up on the other side of the world – in a country where *The Crusade* was never shown.

Although neither the film of *The Lion* nor its canister give any clues to the route by which it came to be on sale at a film collectors' event in Napier, it is likely that the print originated with the New Zealand Broadcasting Corporation.

New Zealand was actually the first country to broadcast *Doctor Who* outside the United Kingdom; on Friday 18 August 1964, *An Unearthly Child* premiered on CHTV-3 in the Christchurch area. In total, New Zealand viewers saw 30 Hartnell and Troughton stories during the sixties and early seventies; an additional 14 were not purchased from the BBC. The remaining six stories *were*, however, acquired by the NZBC – but never, in fact, broadcast.

According to NZBC records obtained in 1990 by fan Graham Howard, five stories – *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*, *The Web Planet*, *The Faceless Ones*, *The Ice Warriors* and *Fury from the Deep* – were rated by the New Zealand censor as unsuitable for broadcast to a general audience. The odd one out is, perhaps coincidentally, *The Crusade*. This story *was* cleared for general broadcast, but for some unknown reason never screened.

So, what happened to both *The Crusade* and other now-missing episodes shown in New Zealand following their acquisition? A number were sent on to other foreign broadcasters: at least the first two episodes of *Marco Polo* were sent to Iran in 1967, and *Galaxy 4*, *The Myth Makers*, *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*, *The Savages*, *The Smugglers*, *The Tenth Planet* and *The Power of the Daleks* were all sent to Singapore in 1972. *The Faceless Ones* was sent back to London in 1970. *The Reign of Terror*, *The Highlanders*, *The Macra Terror* and *The Evil of the Daleks* were all listed as destroyed by the New Zealand TV authorities – a common BBC request, once rights to broadcast the stories in the foreign market concerned had expired. But the fates of the prints of *The Crusade*, *The Underwater Menace*, *The Moonbase*, *The Abominable Snowmen*, *The Ice Warriors*, *The Enemy of the World*, *The Web of Fear*, *Fury from the Deep*, *The Wheel in Space* and (possibly) the last five episodes of *Marco Polo* remain unrecorded. No mention is made of them after 1970.

Where else might the print have come from – and where else might the still-missing second and fourth instalments be located? Well, other countries known to have purchased *The Crusade* are, in approximate order, Australia, Singapore, Gibraltar, Nigeria, Zambia, Mauritius, Barbados, Jamaica, Ethiopia, the Caribbean and Sierra Leone. The sheer number of sales gives the lie to the fan myth that the story wasn't particularly well-sold abroad – the BBC made at least three times as many overseas sales of *The Crusade* as it did *The Tomb of the Cybermen*.

My knight of passion

He **was a chainmailed champion from another dimension! *She* was a flak-jacketed fury from the UN! Marcus Gilbert and Angela Bruce swap tales of broadswords, bullets and *Battlefield* with Peter Griffiths.**

Let me just say, up front, that Monday 14 September 1998 is not shaping up as one of my better days. I contemplate this while sitting in a West End restaurant, waiting for Angela Bruce and Marcus Gilbert, and ruing my weekend excesses. On top of my sorry state, Angela has left a message to say she is running half-an-hour late, and nagging at the back of my mind is the awful feeling that I've given Marcus completely the wrong directions . . .

My two subjects will, of course, be familiar from the 1989 story *Battlefield*, in which they played, respectively, the businesslike, even surly Brigadier Winifred Bambera, and that smiley swashbuckler from another dimension, Ancelyn. As with most of *Doctor Who*'s popular 'double acts', it proved to be a case of opposites attracting, and I find myself wondering if this will be reflected in Marcus and Angela's real life relationship.

Marcus arrives first, the puzzled look on his face confirming my fear that I'd sent him to a mysterious address 20 minutes away. He laughs it off, but takes a keen interest in my hungover condition by way of revenge. Angela rolls up a few minutes later, full of apologies, and she and Marcus share a hug. Marcus proceeds to fill her in on the news so far, to my embarrassment. "And Angela – nice jeans," he adds, smiling benignly. Angela looks down at her fairly ordinary leg wear, and shoots her co-star a half-suspicious look.

"How many years has it been?" she asks, settling down.

"I don't know – it doesn't bear thinking about. It goes quickly, I know that."

"Must have been the late eighties."

"When we were young and good-looking."

"And fit, absolutely." Angela smiles fondly. "*Doctor Who* was a hell of a lot of fun, I remember that. I still get mail from people about Bambera, from all different places."

Marcus looks bleak. "You were obviously very popular. I don't think I've received one fan letter since it was filmed." He turns to me. "It's quite sad, isn't it? Poignant, even."

Angela rolls her eyes. "Very. My mail is quite regular, which is perhaps a bit worrying. I get sent these little cards –"

Marcus is suddenly very interested. "What, 'Put your lips on this?'"

"Yes . . ." Angela pauses. "No! No, it's usually for charity. I got something to sign about two weeks ago. I was a bit scared of coming here today, actually – I didn't know what to expect, and I dread being interviewed anyway. You got in contact just before I went off on holidays."

"Holidays, Angela?"

"Yes, to France, where I sat by the pool and ate wine, cheese and grapes. I thought I'd escaped, but when I got back, there was another message from Marvel – any day in September. Damn you!"

Marcus can understand where Angela is coming from. "Some interviewers are complete shits." He smiles sweetly at me. "Obviously not you, Peter. I did an interview for a tabloid a long time ago, and they offered me money, and copy approval, but it turned out that the whole thing was a façade. They really wanted to know about one of my, er, sexual activities. Luckily, I was so guarded that they didn't get anything."

He turns to Angela in interrogative fashion. "So, how many people did you sleep with on *Doctor Who?*"

"Pass!" she laughs. "I can't remember if there was much publicity on *Doctor Who*, because I tend to block interviews. There were lots of photos, I remember that. I took loads of pictures, too – I've got a fantastic shot of the spaceship explosion, with Sophie Aldred [Ace] watching on the lakeshore. I also took some great pictures of you in the rehearsal room, sitting there lording it over James Ellis [Peter Warmsley] and Jean Marsh [Morgaine] in one of their giggle periods. I've got photos of everyone . . ."

Marcus looks a little dubious at this prospect, but continues. "There was no pressure whatsoever, was there? *Doctor Who* was like a holiday – extremely enjoyable and very easy. I went through it all in a haze, actually. It might have been because we found a few country pubs . . ."

"Yeah! That fantastic one with the four-poster bed!"

"You had a four-poster bed, did you?"

"I did. Sorry, Marcus. I love location work, because you're not contactable."

"You leave everything behind – it's holiday time. It's purely selfless as well, your responsibility to your fellows." Marcus nods knowingly. "There's great camaraderie."

"I have photos of that too!" Angela laughs long and hard, then suddenly looks thoughtful. "They might be worth something."

"We used to hang out with the make-up girls. That's always fun. Good gossip!" Marcus

"Location filming really takes some beating," concludes Marcus.

"I remember we got up at five o'clock in the morning, went to the sweetie shop and got pick 'n' mix," says Angela. "Everybody did it. They sat in the cameraman's bag, and we ate jelly babies and liquorice allsorts all the way through. I got a gum infection after all the sweeties."

Marcus grins. "I remember your gum infection. Oh yes. We ran around in the Rutland woods, didn't we?"

"That's right. We did a stunt in the car, the 2CV, do you remember? They closed the wood off to the public because there were explosions and stuff. The stunt was pretty complex. It involved rolling the roof back, and driving along with it open. Marcus had to put his leg over to press on the accelerator, and also steer, while I stood up and fired. We had to time it so that when we got

to a bend, I sat back down, he took the gun, and we did this swerve around some explosions."

"Why is it that I don't remember that? My memory is appalling." Marcus tuts to himself. "That same day I was probably still reeling from a blow to the head. There was a fair amount of swordplay, and one of the extras was a bit zealous – he stopped just short of slicing my head in two! I've got this little nick in my ear, right here. I like little nicks, nicks are good, but I had a ringing in my ear for about half-an-hour."

Angela examines the wound, thinking about swords and guns. "Alf Joint was our weapons guy. He turned up and told us that wonderful story about Harrison Ford, remember? You know that wonderful scene [in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*] where the guy does the amazing thing with the swords, and Harrison Ford just shoots him? They did that instead of the scene they'd worked out for about five weeks, and the reason was that Harrison had a terrible case of diarrhoea! Do you remember that?"

"You're asking *me* if I remember something?!"

"All you guys were practising with the broadswords, and Alf turned to me and said, 'Angela, you might like to do this as well.' They couldn't find a sword for me, so I practiced with a pencil!" Angela giggles and makes miniature thrust-and-parry motions. "I also had this rifle from Yugoslavia, the sort of thing only terrorists usually get to play with. I learned how to shoot guns as a kid, but I had to go with Alf into the woods to practice firing this thing. One of the crew had gone for a pee behind a tree, and when I fired, there was this scream. This guy was soaked all day! I scared the pants off everyone else at one point, when I misunderstood an instruction and let off a blank."

As Ancelyn, Marcus saw his share of battle as well. "There was loads of testosterone flying about. Chris Bowen [Mordred] and I were fighting by the lake, with all the weight of those broadswords, and Sylvester McCoy just passed straight between us with his little red-handled umbrella. You were very good at that stuff, Angela. You loved it, didn't you?"

"Oh yeah! I thought Bambera was very butch. Once I put the uniform on, I shouted at everybody."

"That's why I loved you so. I liked that."

Angela stays admirably poker-faced. "A lot of men did."

"But I knew that inside there was a heart of butter."

"Huh! There was that line after the stunt: 'So, you married, or what?' Hahahahahahaha! But you pledged your allegiance to Doctor Who."

"I pledged my allegiance to you, Angela."

Angela throws me a 'What's he like?' look. "You did not! It was the Doctor. You recognised him as the reincarnation of Merlin. I was just going to shoot you. We had to do all that rolling around in the background while Sylvester was having a conversation with someone. The stunt guy wasn't there, so we put this fight together ourselves, and they kept it in. It was hysterical, because we were laughing so much."

"Bambera and Ancelyn worked together very well, didn't they?" Marcus wears a look of philosophical contentment. "It was because we were so completely different. I wasn't aware at the time that the relationship we had, although fairly non-existent, spoke such volumes."

Angela bursts out laughing.

"I could be a politician, couldn't I?" muses Marcus. "It went beyond the characters – we were very different actors, too. It was most . . . attractive."

"Oh, stop it!" Angela whacks him one. "Let me tell you about the scene where I was watching Sophie come out of the lake with the scabbard. I had just one word: 'Look!' James Ellis and Jean Marsh decided they were going to wind me up, and they stood there saying, 'We really admire your work. We want to see how you deliver this line.' I said, 'Don't! Just go off while I do this little bit with the camera.' Michael Kerrigan [the director] came up and said, 'Good luck, we're all behind you,' and more and more people gathered. I did the shot, but it was too early in the morning, and when I turned to James and said, 'Look!' I pointed with the wrong hand. I collapsed laughing, couldn't believe I'd done that, and Michael said, 'It's all right, darlings, we'll move the lake!'"

We've ordered lunch from our very dour waiter, who maintains a studied air of condescension as we dither over the wine. I suspect he feels we're doing it to spite him personally. If I'd thought of it, I might have.

"Red or white?" asks Marcus. "Do we have a preference?"

I do, but it's up to Angela and him. Angela slumps. "Oh, here we go!"

"I always prefer red, but it may be a little heavy in view of your recent indulgence," smiles Marcus smugly.

Red's fine, I assure him. "Are you going to divulge now which you prefer?" asks Angela.

White, of course. When the wine is furnished and poured, Marcus raises his glass. "Your health. Good to see you, Angela."

"Cheers. Nice to be here."

Angela and Marcus haven't run into each other since *Battlefield*, though they have seen each other's work – or, as Marcus puts it, Angela might have thought, 'My God, it's another pile of crap the man's done!' She, however, pleads 'not guilty' to this. I ask how they each got the part on *Doctor Who*.

Angela first. "I just went in and saw Michael Kerrigan. I didn't know him before that."

"Don't forget the long-running producer, whose name I've forgotten," adds Marcus.

"Oh . . . Nathan-Turner."

"Are you sure?"

Stuart Hill [7] BBC Video [1]

"One of the extras stopped just short of slicing my head in two!" Marcus

"John Nathan-Turner."

Marcus is still dubious. He looks to me for support, but I'm afraid that Angela's right. He turns back to her, nodding decisively. "See, I told you Angela, John Nathan-Turner. I remember meeting Michael, and Mr Nathan-Turner, like it was yesterday."

Both Angela and I are mystified by the huge grin on Marcus' face. What's that about? "No great reason, except my basic lack of remembrance. I remembered the essence of Mr Nathan-Turner, if not his name. He used to like to socialise, didn't he? He was very jovial."

"I didn't meet John until location filming, though I think he had worked on *Angels*, which I worked on for three series. He was a load of fun – he and Michael were out to have a good time on *Battlefield*. Michael was an excellent director, too, excellent. He did a recent *EastEnders* episode which required an action scene, and it had his 'stamp' on it. He'd put things in context regarding our characters, which helped because we were shooting out of order, but there wasn't that much character direction to think about in *Doctor Who*."

Amateur arsonists Ace (Sophie Aldred) and Shou Yuing (Ling Tai)

"Doctor Who was like a holiday – extremely enjoyable and very easy. I went through it all in a haze!" Marcus

"I don't think there was much directing going on, actually," muses Marcus, "though Michael had the overall picture in mind. The main direction was just to enjoy it and have fun, which we did. It was a pleasure to go to work."

"There was only stress when we got to the studio, and they had to play catch-up," says Angela. "Even in the studio, it wasn't too bad. It was more boring. We used to hang out with the make-up girls. That's always fun. Good gossip."

"Do you remember there was a dangerous accident involving Sophie?"

Marcus shakes his head, as if trying to kick-start it. "Was there? Christ, is everything a blur?"

Angela explains: "Okay, you remember that when Sophie came out of the spaceship in the lake, she supposedly came from a glass cabinet in the studio? During recording, it started to crack with the weight of the water, and when it went, crew and everybody were jumping onto camera rigs. It was so dangerous."

"I do remember that now. Were you in the studio for that?"

"No, I'd just done my scene with Jean and gone into make-up. They were all talking about it."

I innocently enquire if the corridors of the BBC were abuzz with news of the incident, and my subjects fall silent. Marcus looks at me with the visual equivalent of a monotone. "That was very funny. People 'abuzz' with it all."

"Yes," says Angela, eyes also glazing over. "Very good."

I'm saved from this chilling *Stepford Wives* moment by the truculent waiter bringing our meal. As he swipes the pepper grinder from a nearby table, I confide to Angela that I think he's in a filthy mood, but trying his best to not show it. "It's not working," she whispers. She smiles brilliantly at him as he dutifully grinds. "Don't worry, Peter's going to give you a great tip. He owns Marvel Comics."

"He's the boss," says Marcus brightly.

"And a fantastic tipper."

The smile on Mr Waiter's face is so thin he could dish out paper cuts. Marcus watches him retreat to the kitchen. "He hates me. He doesn't mind you two, but he dislikes me. Or maybe he's just got a very dry, subtle sense of humour which is shining through. Or his girlfriend left him this morning."

Angela harrumphs. "Yes, she said, 'You're a moody bastard, and I'm leaving.'"

We start eating, and Marcus quizzes Angela on her decision to move out of London. "Why'd you move? I thought you loved this place?"

"I love to visit, but where I was living in Cricklewood, it was dirty, and there was so much traffic. Whenever I visit now, everyone says, 'Oh, you must come over.'"

"You were always very popular."

"Thank you." Angela looks at Marcus suspiciously. "What are you saying?"

"Nothing! I really dislike London. It's essential when you're single, but when you have a family and require a little space, it's time to leave."

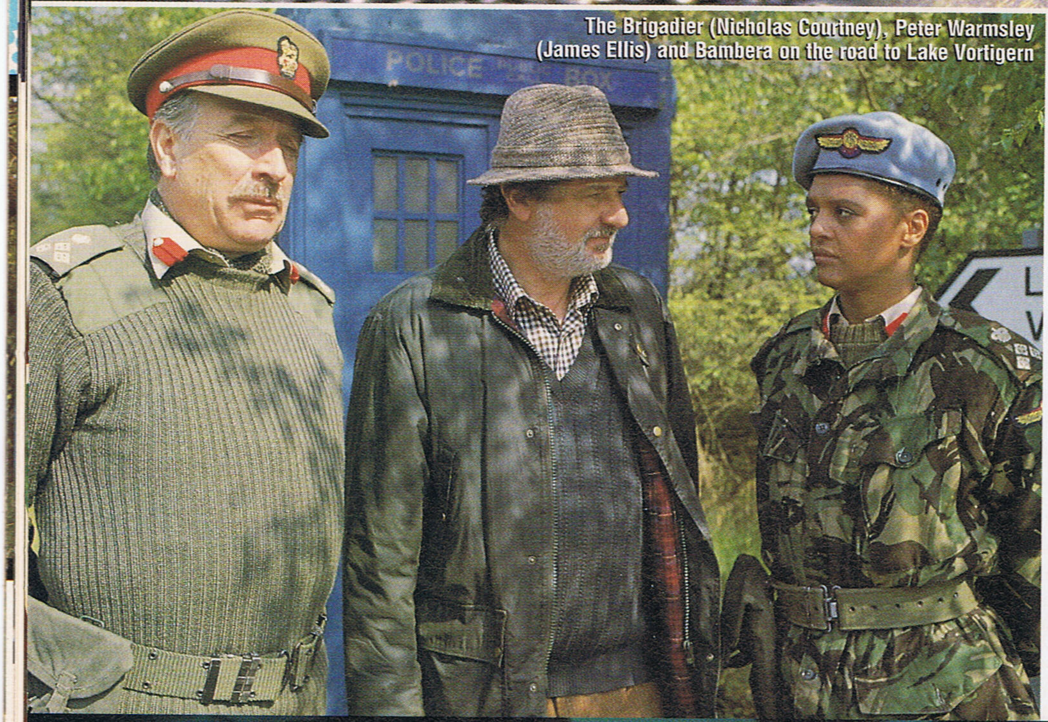
"The club life in the seventies and eighties was fantastic."

"Peter could probably tell you about the club life now," smirks Marcus.

The waiter returns with a new salad and bigger bowl for Marcus, as his current one is apparently in danger of overflowing. As he stalks away, Marcus beams. "What a lovely man. Doesn't that make you two feel bad?"

"Read between the lines, Marcus," laughs Angela. "He went into the kitchen and threw it against the wall!"

A little bird has told me that Marcus actually auditioned for the role of the Doctor in the 1996 TV Movie. He confirms this. "It was in the States. Most of my work is in LA now, so I live over there as much as I possibly can. I have residency, green



The Brigadier (Nicholas Courtney), Peter Warmsley (James Ellis) and Bambera on the road to Lake Vortigern

> **"I thought Bambera was very butch. Once I put the uniform on, I shouted at everybody!" Angela**

card and all the rest of it. It was a director called Sam Remy, with whom I'd done something called *Army Dance*, which wasn't a million miles away from *Doctor Who*. I'd seen the casting director earlier, and she called me in for a read for the Doctor. It was going to be shot in Vancouver, and they ended up using Paul McGann. Lots of American size and scale, and no little American money, too.

"I went into the casting and just really enjoyed it. It was very verbose stuff, extremely wordy. It was a mammoth audition, so much so that they had to intersperse the scenes with refreshments. I worked extremely hard on it, but I do have the feeling that McGann had been pencilled in for a long time."

Working with McGann's precursor, Sylvester McCoy, was apparently good fun. "Sylvester gave me a lift up to Rutland Water, and I borrowed his fantastic straw hat for the whole month," recalls Angela. "I think Sylvester and Sophie had done a fair bit together by the time we did our story. We had some raucous times in my room."

"Yeah, I heard that," says Marcus. "Anything to do with the four-poster bed?"

Angela refuses to be bated. "They were a good giggle. Whenever something wasn't going right, they kept it light. I adored James Ellis, too. He was going through a very difficult time, did you know that?"

"I didn't, but then I didn't have a lot to do with him. I remember he was phenomenally professional. There was also that boy, Marek [Anton], who was dressed up as some big, tall alien [the Destroyer]. He was a very good-looking, slightly camp guy who had the misfortune, or fortune, to be clad in rubber for most of the piece."

"And Jean Marsh was such a giggle, and hell to work with because of it," smiles Angela. "She was so camp in the scenes I did with her. Nick Courtney [the Brigadier] made a guest appearance, and said, 'Bambera. Good man, is he?' That's a great line. And Robert – oh, I was in love with Robert Jezek, who played my sergeant, Zbrigniev."

"Don't forget Chris Bowen. That laugh he produced was hearty, to say the least. 'Ha HA HAAA!' He probably had less fillings in those days and could get away with it." Marcus shrugs at me. "Sadly, that's all I can tell you. I wasn't as expansive as Angela."

"I beg your pardon?!"

"Well, you know all these names and other members of the cast. I was more introverted."

"That's true. I was a socialiser, whereas you'd sit there on your own or wander off."

"I do remember you, though, Angela. Most of what was necessary was necessary with you. All I could think about was Angela, Angela, Angela."

Angela just looks at him, laughing, and Marcus starts to laugh, too. I guess you had to be there.

As lunch winds down, and the waiter of death visits upon us once or twice more, we prepare to part ways. It's been a very enjoyable couple of hours with two people who get along famously. Before we finish, Angela talks a little about another of her connections to telefantasy: the role of Dayna in two *Blake's 7* radio plays for the BBC. "I wasn't in it on television – Josette Simon played the part – but I had this awful feeling at one point that somebody thought I was," she says. "I had to do some boning up for it, and it was quite, erm, boring! We recorded it last year, and we're doing another one at the end of this month."

Marcus nods in sage-like fashion. "September 28th."

"Yeah. How on earth do you know that?"

"Just clever, aren't I?"

Angela's eyes narrow. "What are you up to, Marcus?"

Marcus is a picture of injured innocence. "I'm not up to anything! Really. I just listen. I remember Peter saying you could do this interview any day apart from the 27th or 28th."

"There's nothing wrong with your short-term memory, is there?" says Angela, impressed. "I'm amazed I can recall so much about *Doctor Who*, actually. You've really stirred up some memories today."

To be fair, Angela may have the advantage over Marcus, for he last saw *Battlefield* on its 1993 repeat, whereas she was sent a copy of the recent video release by the BBC. "They didn't bother to send me a video," carps Marcus. "Mind you, I had to sleep in an outside toilet on location as well."

"A one-poster bed, eh?"

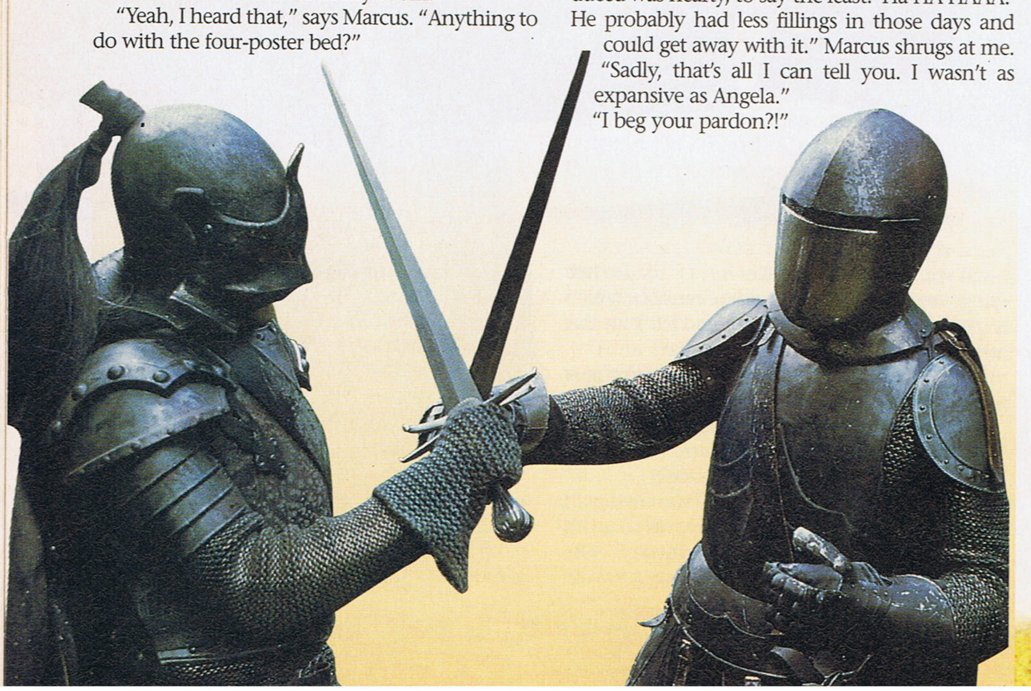
"Er . . . yes." Marcus turns to me. "I liked our *Doctor Who* episodes. I still do. It was effortless. I can't come up with enough superlatives to describe working on the series. It was very gentle, and genteel. You were given a licence to have fun while you were working, and so you wandered around Rutland country lanes having a good time."

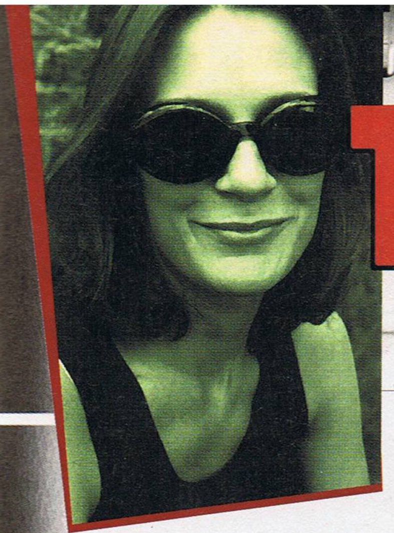
Angela's more succinct. "It was a laugh."

"I do feel like you've only had one and a half people at this interview, though – me being the half."

Angela smiles, gathering her jacket and bag, and giving her co-star an affectionate hug goodbye. "Ah well, you came from another planet, so we can't expect too much."

"That's true," replies Marcus, a cheeky grin spreading across his face. "The planet Escapism, where all you had to do was fight and f-" DWM





The life & times of Jackie Jenkins

Can even Jackie bring herself to con an unsuspecting innocent into handing over an golden hoard of *Doctor Who* merchandise treasure? It is an interesting conjecture – but would you do it?

Friday

The Moon & Mushroom, 8pm People change little, and in recognising the older brother of a Junior School friend whom I'd since lost touch with, a plan of such utter and underhanded villainy sprung to mind . . .

Way back when, had I not been invited to the aforementioned friend's ninth birthday party, I may never have encountered her home or family, nor would I remember that one of her two brothers had been a *Doctor Who* fan. Also, if it weren't for the strange ability of mothers to know, through their own acquaintances, the changing fortunes, statuses, whereabouts and occupations of every classmate you'd ever spoken of in a detail that suggests somewhere they possess a flowchart on which your classmates' progress is marked in relation to your less impressive own, then I would have never been aware that the *Who* fan middle brother had worked, married and since settled in Germany.

Possessing this information, I planned to engage the innocent eldest in a conversation heavily weighted towards my devious intention – to secure for myself the finer treasures of his sibling's aged *Doctor Who* collection by means a cunning 'devaluation' scam.

So, the elder brother and I are perched beside the Moon and Mushroom's dripping bar. The plan was supposed to proceed as follows . . .

Fiddling with my pin badge, its clasp unattached, the motif would fall purposefully from my lapel, design face up, onto the bar.

"TARDIS," he'd point, accurately fleshing out the acronym before offering confirmation of his brother's teenage preferences. "From 13," he'd say, "he talked of nothing but *Doctor Who* for two years." With the conversation blossoming, I'd hear how the brother had bought many 'collectables' which now reside, bundled together, forgotten, in the corner of his old bedroom. I would wave my hand in a vague manner, hoping to give the impression of someone only momentarily interested, before enquiring as to the details of these 'collectables'. "Books, games and toys," he would reply, perhaps adding, "Kids' stuff" in the derogatory way one might expect from a disinterested older brother. It was just such a disinterest and ignorance that I was keen to exploit – all the while hoping that he wouldn't think to ask why I didn't possess the items about which I was going to display such casual indifference.

Determining the presence of jigsaw puzzles in this neglected hoard, I'd continue, "Are they the ultra-rare, highly-sought, much-valued Whitman puzzles of the mid-seventies which feature gaudy art showing Tom Baker being restrained or harassed by cloaked, pale-faced nobodies in a landscape of snakes and lizards?" Receiving the expected dismissal, I'd resume, "A shame, for they are priceless," adding an 'absolutely' to 'priceless' after a significant pause had required the sentiment to be repeated. "But," I'd encourage, "let us not presume your brother was mistaken in his purchase. Perhaps the puzzles to which you refer hail from that other Whitman strand of equal stature, *The Enemies of Doctor Who*, prized jigsaws from a range which trades at inflated prices owing to their rarity on the marketplace. Indeed," I'd say, ready with an impressive example, "I had a friend who, through good fortune, chanced upon a double of the range and, on its profits, bought himself a moped and two nights in a Dorset B&B." Confirming my expectations, he'd insist these puzzles feature only Daleks among landmarks of a shattered London, drawing my comment on his brother's misfortune to collect not the 224-piece, card-backed classics of Whitman's, but the 29-piece, plywood-backed efforts of Woolworths' – particularly as these 1965 jigsaws remained so plentiful due to their pieces being much harder to swallow.

FROM THE BBC-TV SERIES DR-WHO and the
DALEKS
Wooden STAND-UP Jigsaw
Size 9¾" 13¼" APPROX.
WITH STAND-UP DALEKS

I would then segue deftly into a discussion of an equally treacherous nature concerning World Distributors' *Doctor Who* annuals, detailing how the market value and rarity of the Patrick Troughton editions have been grossly exaggerated, adding that recent research had revealed that thousands were given away as consolation prizes in Sugar Puffs' 'Win a Dalek' competition of the mid-sixties. Furthermore, I would state that although the original print-runs may be less than those granted the Hartnell volumes, they must be viewed in context. Offering a simile, I focus on the singles chart, outlining the decline in sales from an early seventies peak to present. That a single's highest position was only 25 in the Top 40 of 1974 is in no way a poor reflection of the amount of individual units sold – and, if such a figure were repeated today, the said record would be Number One, and for some considerable weeks. The same is true of annuals.

THE AMAZING WORLD OF DOCTOR WHO
ENEMIES OF DOCTOR WHO
BBC tv

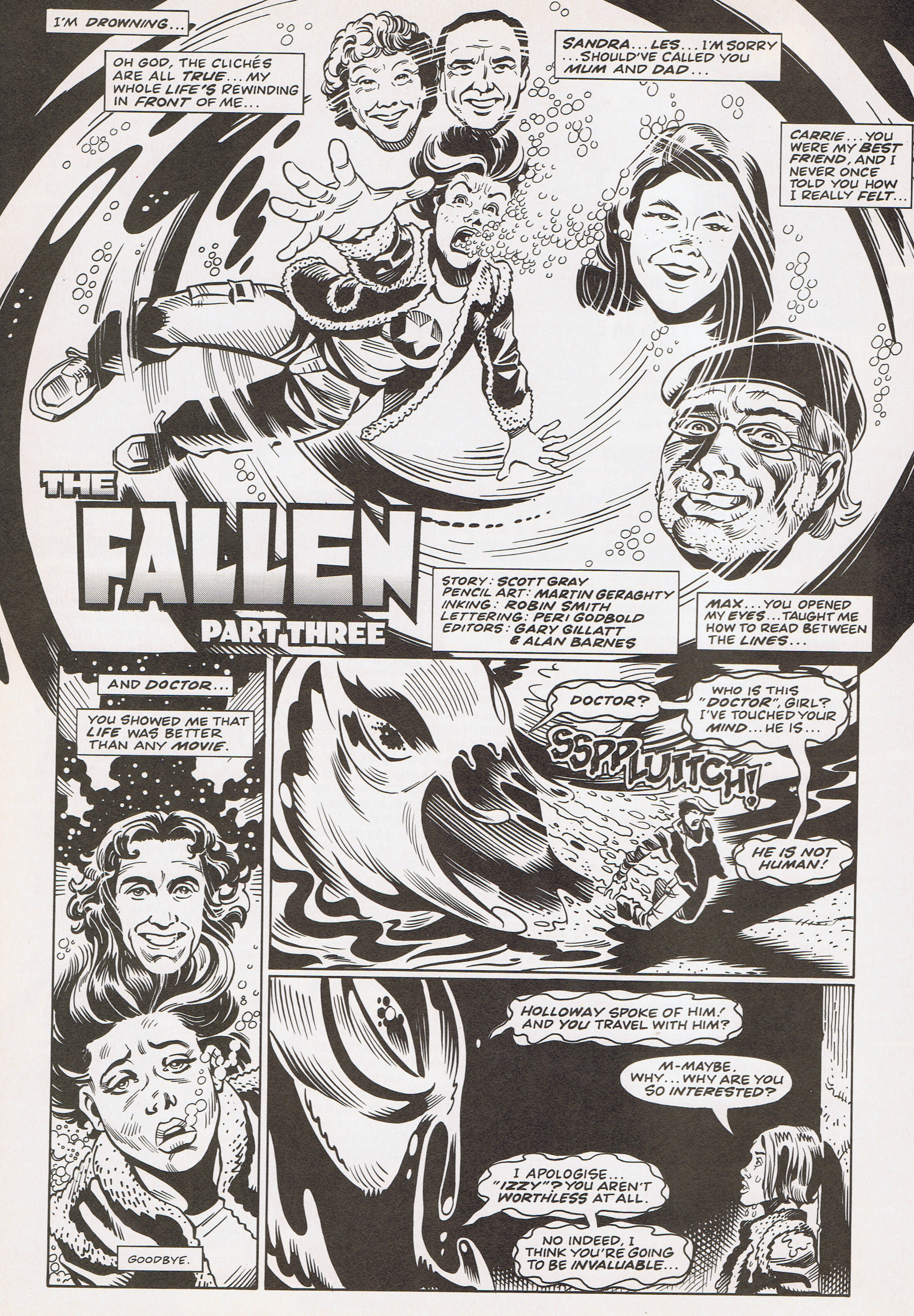
Perversely, I would continue, it's the Tom Baker annuals that are now the most highly sought. And, in explaining this switch, I would call upon the rapid shifts of body endured by both Sarah and Leela within the stories and strips. Never once sporting the features of the actresses who played the TV characters, these women, often posed in a licentious manner, had long been believed to be the result of the artist working through a catalogue of ex-girlfriends. Thus it was unfortunate for World Distributors that, to avoid the charge of commercial endorsement, the BBC had insisted they pulp the majority of the 1977 annual after the Sarah model was picked from hundreds to become that year's Ski Yoghurt Girl. And, even more so, to repeat this action 18 months later when 1979's Leela was found to be a disgraced member of disco group The Dooleys, who had achieved short-lived national notoriety as 'the Girl with the Saucepan Handle'.

Armed with one further fabrication – concerning the *Radio Times* Tenth Anniversary Special and a warehouse that had, eight years following its release, dramatically reduced the publication's market value by discovering that the collective industrial disputes of 1973 had left undelivered to five expectant Northern towns as many cellophaned, mint condition pallet-loads – I decided to make my approach . . .

Fiddling with my pin badge, its clasp unattached, it fell, as intended, from my lapel, face up, onto the bar.

My victim informed me of my loss, but of nothing else.

"It's a TARDIS," I was forced to prompt. Two stilted sentences later it was clear that, many years ago, on a day of dizzying party guests and visitors, I had mistaken his family connection. Misleading a David had been the plan; talking to an Alex, a best friend of the former who had, through a change of schools, lost contact, had not.

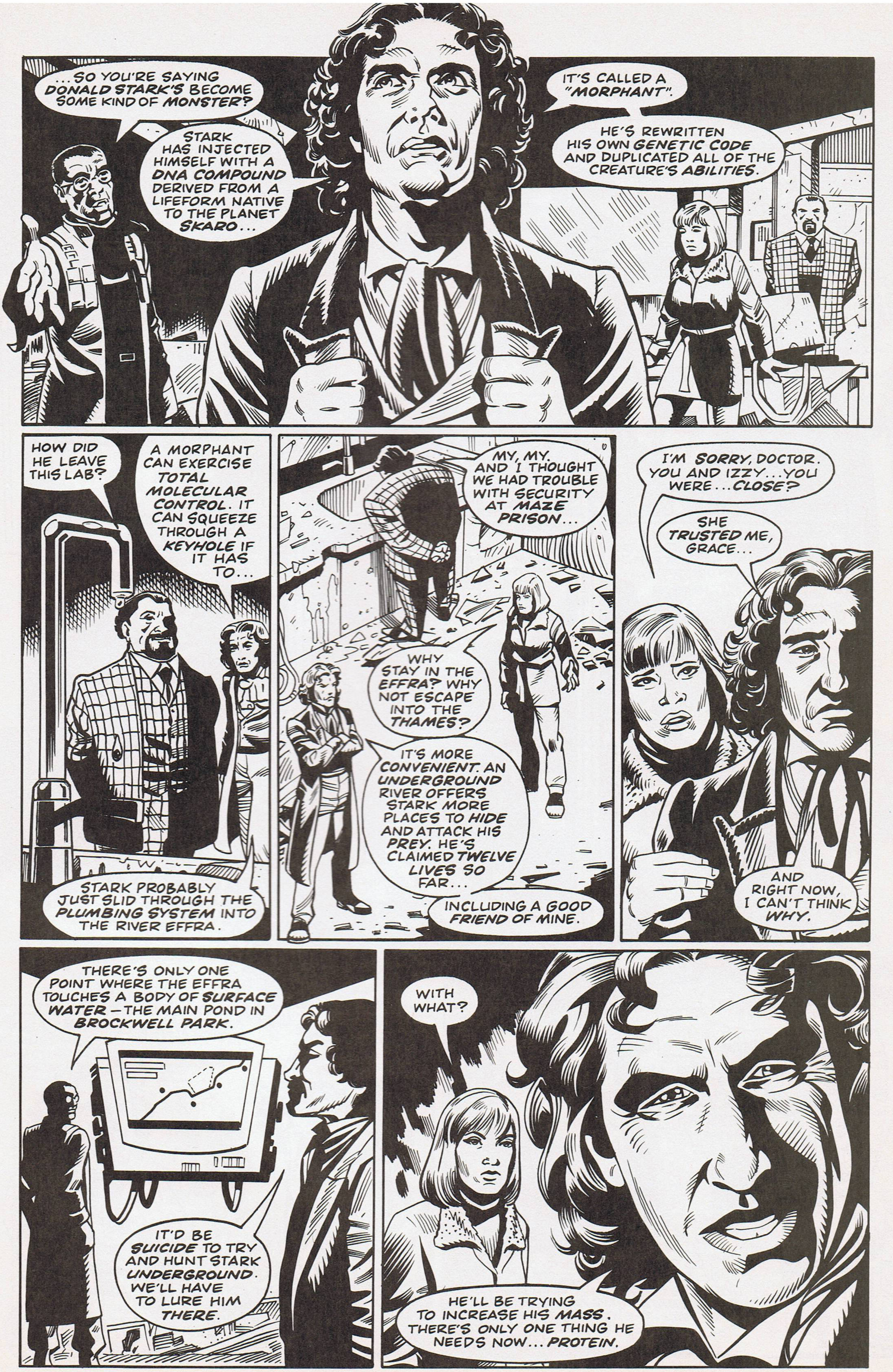


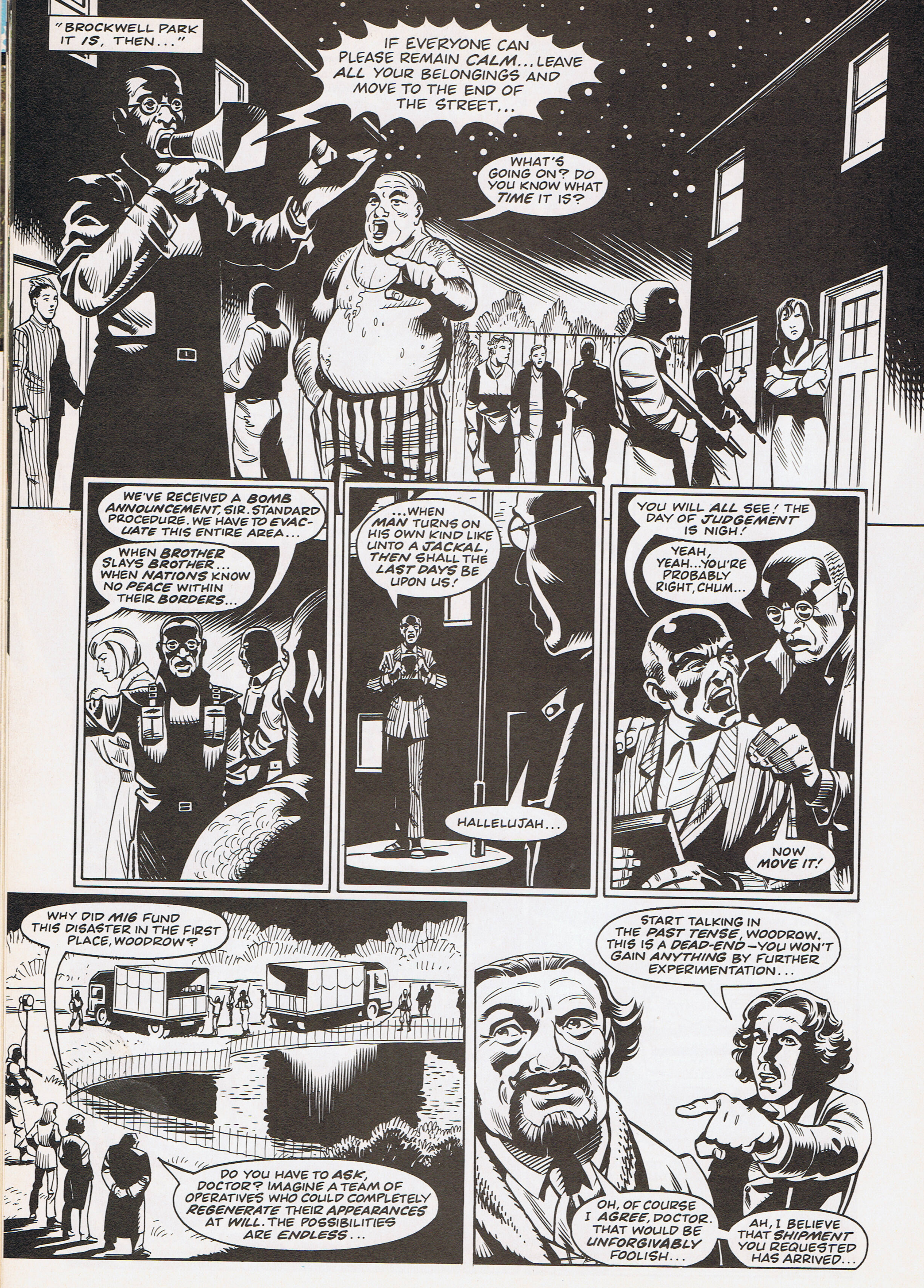
THE FALLEN

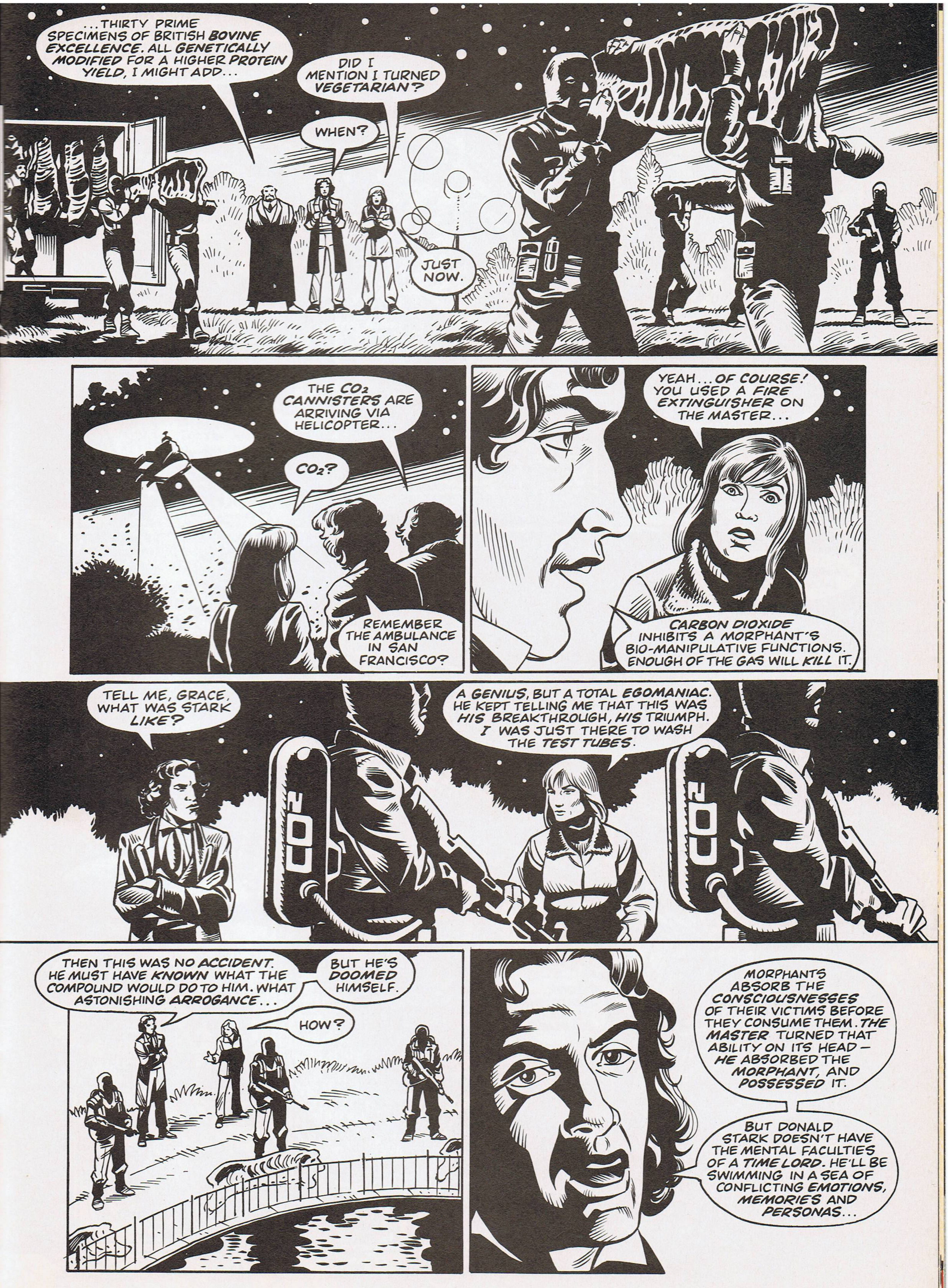
PART THREE

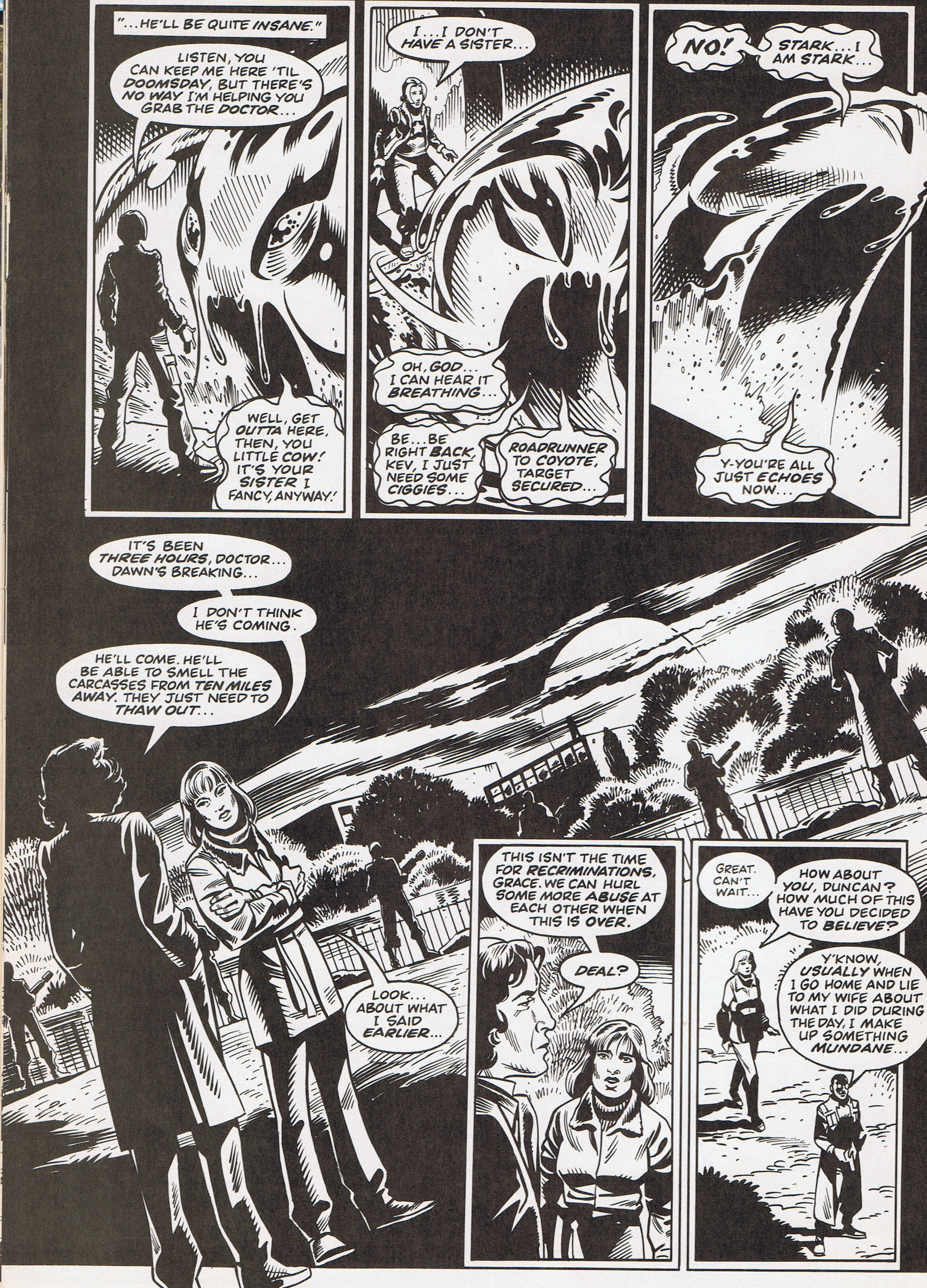
STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: PERI GODBOLD
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

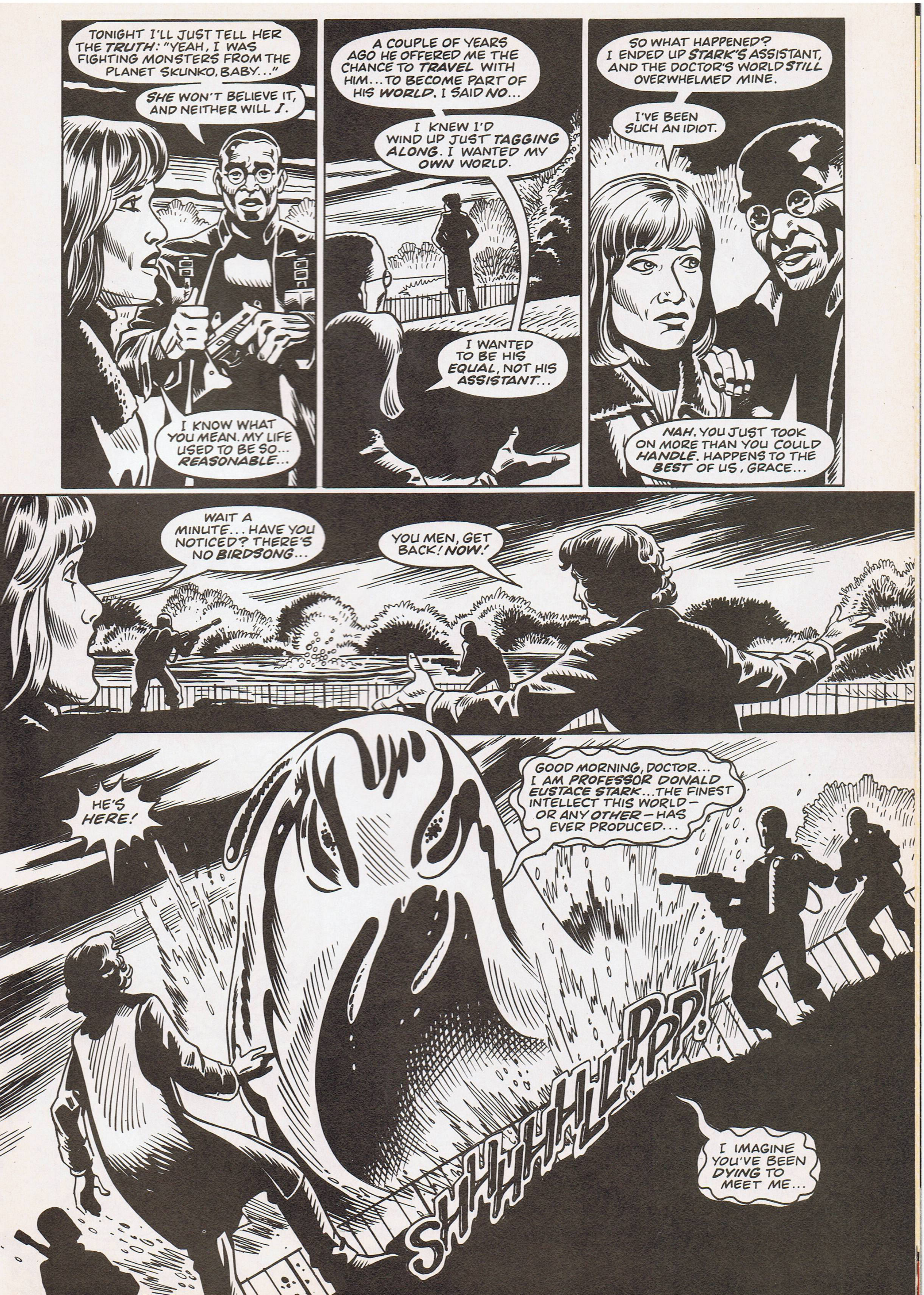
I'M DROWNING...
OH GOD, THE CLICHÉS ARE ALL TRUE... MY WHOLE LIFE'S REWINDING IN FRONT OF ME...
SANDRA... LES... I'M SORRY ...SHOULD'VE CALLED YOU MUM AND DAD...
CARRIE... YOU WERE MY BEST FRIEND, AND I NEVER ONCE TOLD YOU HOW I REALLY FELT...
MAX... YOU OPENED MY EYES... TAUGHT ME HOW TO READ BETWEEN THE LINES...
AND DOCTOR...
YOU SHOWED ME THAT LIFE WAS BETTER THAN ANY MOVIE.
GOODBYE.
DOCTOR?
SSPPLUTTCH!
WHO IS THIS "DOCTOR", GIRL? I'VE TOUCHED YOUR MIND... HE IS...
HE IS NOT HUMAN!
HOLLOWAY SPOKE OF HIM! AND YOU TRAVEL WITH HIM?
M-MAYBE. WHY... WHY ARE YOU SO INTERESTED?
I APOLOGISE... "IZZY"? YOU AREN'T WORTHLESS AT ALL.
NO INDEED, I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO BE INVALUABLE...

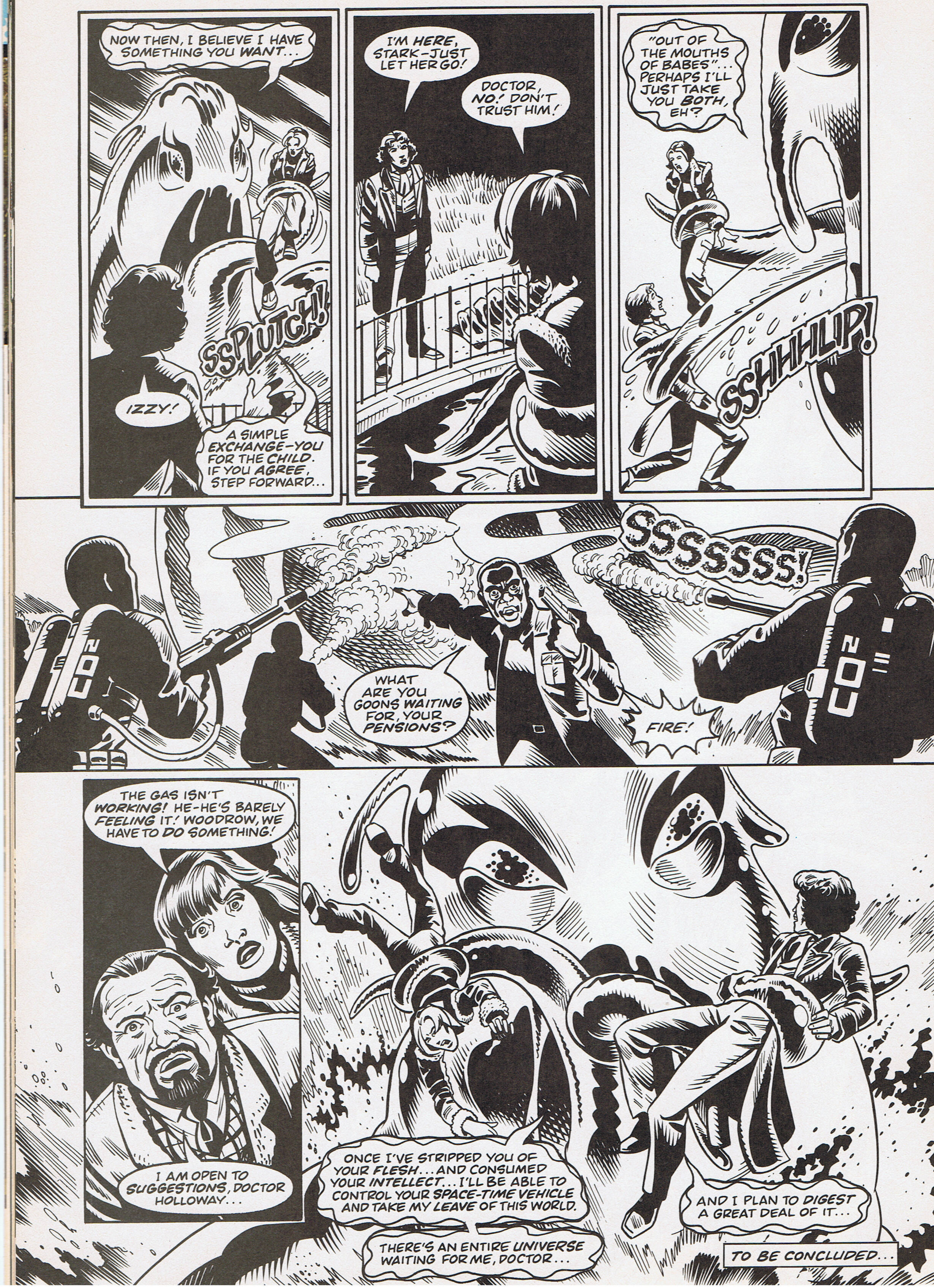

...SO YOU'RE SAYING DONALD STARK'S BECOME SOME KIND OF MONSTER?
STARK HAS INJECTED HIMSELF WITH A DNA COMPOUND DERIVED FROM A LIFEFORM NATIVE TO THE PLANET SKARO...
IT'S CALLED A "MORPHANT".
HE'S REWRITTEN HIS OWN GENETIC CODE AND DUPLICATED ALL OF THE CREATURE'S ABILITIES.
HOW DID HE LEAVE THIS LAB?
A MORPHANT CAN EXERCISE TOTAL MOLECULAR CONTROL. IT CAN SQUEEZE THROUGH A KEYHOLE IF IT HAS TO...
STARK PROBABLY JUST SLID THROUGH THE PLUMBING SYSTEM INTO THE RIVER EFFRA.
MY, MY. AND I THOUGHT WE HAD TROUBLE WITH SECURITY AT MAZE PRISON...
WHY STAY IN THE EFFRA? WHY NOT ESCAPE INTO THE THAMES?
IT'S MORE CONVENIENT. AN UNDERGROUND RIVER OFFERS STARK MORE PLACES TO HIDE AND ATTACK HIS PREY. HE'S CLAIMED TWELVE LIVES SO FAR...
INCLUDING A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE.
I'M SORRY, DOCTOR. YOU AND IZZY...YOU WERE...CLOSE?
SHE TRUSTED ME, GRACE...
AND RIGHT NOW, I CAN'T THINK WHY.
THERE'S ONLY ONE POINT WHERE THE EFFRA TOUCHES A BODY OF SURFACE WATER – THE MAIN POND IN BROCKWELL PARK.
IT'D BE SUICIDE TO TRY AND HUNT STARK UNDERGROUND. WE'LL HAVE TO LURE HIM THERE.
WITH WHAT?
HE'LL BE TRYING TO INCREASE HIS MASS. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING HE NEEDS NOW... PROTEIN.


"BROCKWELL PARK IT *IS*, THEN..."
IF EVERYONE CAN PLEASE REMAIN *CALM*... LEAVE *ALL* YOUR BELONGINGS AND MOVE TO THE END OF THE STREET...
WHAT'S GOING ON? DO YOU KNOW WHAT *TIME* IT IS?
WE'VE RECEIVED A *BOMB ANNOUNCEMENT*, SIR. STANDARD PROCEDURE. WE HAVE TO *EVACUATE* THIS ENTIRE AREA...
WHEN *BROTHER* SLAYS *BROTHER*... WHEN *NATIONS* KNOW NO *PEACE* WITHIN THEIR *BORDERS*...
...WHEN *MAN* TURNS ON HIS OWN KIND LIKE UNTO A *JACKAL*, *THEN* SHALL THE *LAST DAYS* BE UPON US!
HALLELUJAH...
YOU WILL *ALL* SEE! THE DAY OF *JUDGEMENT* IS NIGH!
YEAH, YEAH... YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT, CHUM...
NOW *MOVE IT!*
WHY DID *MI6* FUND THIS DISASTER IN THE FIRST PLACE, WOODROW?
DO YOU HAVE TO *ASK*, DOCTOR? IMAGINE A TEAM OF OPERATIVES WHO COULD COMPLETELY *REGENERATE* THEIR *APPEARANCES* AT *WILL*. THE POSSIBILITIES ARE *ENDLESS*...
START TALKING IN THE *PAST TENSE*, WOODROW. THIS IS A *DEAD-END* — YOU WON'T GAIN *ANYTHING* BY FURTHER EXPERIMENTATION...
OH, OF COURSE I *AGREE*, DOCTOR. THAT WOULD BE *UNFORGIVABLY* FOOLISH...
AH, I BELIEVE THAT *SHIPMENT* YOU REQUESTED HAS ARRIVED...


...THIRTY PRIME SPECIMENS OF BRITISH BOVINE EXCELLENCE. ALL GENETICALLY MODIFIED FOR A HIGHER PROTEIN YIELD, I MIGHT ADD...
DID I MENTION I TURNED VEGETARIAN?
WHEN?
JUST NOW.
THE CO2 CANNISTERS ARE ARRIVING VIA HELICOPTER...
CO2?
REMEMBER THE AMBULANCE IN SAN FRANCISCO?
YEAH... OF COURSE! YOU USED A FIRE EXTINGUISHER ON THE MASTER...
CARBON DIOXIDE INHIBITS A MORPHANT'S BIO-MANIPULATIVE FUNCTIONS. ENOUGH OF THE GAS WILL KILL IT.
TELL ME, GRACE, WHAT WAS STARK LIKE?
A GENIUS, BUT A TOTAL EGOMANIAC. HE KEPT TELLING ME THAT THIS WAS HIS BREAKTHROUGH, HIS TRIUMPH. I WAS JUST THERE TO WASH THE TEST TUBES.
CO2
CO2
THEN THIS WAS NO ACCIDENT. HE MUST HAVE KNOWN WHAT THE COMPOUND WOULD DO TO HIM. WHAT ASTONISHING ARROGANCE...
BUT HE'S DOOMED HIMSELF.
HOW?
MORPHANTS ABSORB THE CONSCIOUSNESSES OF THEIR VICTIMS BEFORE THEY CONSUME THEM. THE MASTER TURNED THAT ABILITY ON ITS HEAD — HE ABSORBED THE MORPHANT, AND POSSESSED IT.
BUT DONALD STARK DOESN'T HAVE THE MENTAL FACULTIES OF A TIME LORD. HE'LL BE SWIMMING IN A SEA OF CONFLICTING EMOTIONS, MEMORIES AND PERSONAS...


"...HE'LL BE QUITE INSANE."
LISTEN, YOU CAN KEEP ME HERE 'TIL DOOMSDAY, BUT THERE'S NO WAY I'M HELPING YOU GRAB THE DOCTOR...
WELL, GET OUTTA HERE, THEN, YOU LITTLE COW! IT'S YOUR SISTER I FANCY, ANYWAY!
I... I DON'T HAVE A SISTER...
OH, GOD... I CAN HEAR IT BREATHING...
BE... BE RIGHT BACK, KEV, I JUST NEED SOME CIGGIES...
ROADRUNNER TO COYOTE, TARGET SECURED...
NO!
STARK... I AM STARK...
Y-YOU'RE ALL JUST ECHOES NOW...
IT'S BEEN THREE HOURS, DOCTOR... DAWN'S BREAKING...
I DON'T THINK HE'S COMING.
HE'LL COME. HE'LL BE ABLE TO SMELL THE CARCASSES FROM TEN MILES AWAY. THEY JUST NEED TO THAW OUT...
LOOK... ABOUT WHAT I SAID EARLIER...
THIS ISN'T THE TIME FOR RECRIMINATIONS, GRACE. WE CAN HURL SOME MORE ABUSE AT EACH OTHER WHEN THIS IS OVER.
DEAL?
GREAT. CAN'T WAIT...
HOW ABOUT YOU, DUNCAN? HOW MUCH OF THIS HAVE YOU DECIDED TO BELIEVE?
Y'KNOW, USUALLY WHEN I GO HOME AND LIE TO MY WIFE ABOUT WHAT I DID DURING THE DAY, I MAKE UP SOMETHING MUNDANE...


TONIGHT I'LL JUST TELL HER THE TRUTH: "YEAH, I WAS FIGHTING MONSTERS FROM THE PLANET SKUNKO, BABY..."
SHE WON'T BELIEVE IT, AND NEITHER WILL I.
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. MY LIFE USED TO BE SO... REASONABLE...
A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO HE OFFERED ME THE CHANCE TO TRAVEL WITH HIM... TO BECOME PART OF HIS WORLD. I SAID NO...
I KNEW I'D WIND UP JUST TAGGING ALONG. I WANTED MY OWN WORLD.
I WANTED TO BE HIS EQUAL, NOT HIS ASSISTANT...
SO WHAT HAPPENED? I ENDED UP STARK'S ASSISTANT, AND THE DOCTOR'S WORLD STILL OVERWHELMED MINE.
I'VE BEEN SUCH AN IDIOT.
NAH. YOU JUST TOOK ON MORE THAN YOU COULD HANDLE. HAPPENS TO THE BEST OF US, GRACE...
WAIT A MINUTE... HAVE YOU NOTICED? THERE'S NO BIRDSONG...
YOU MEN, GET BACK! NOW!
HE'S HERE!
GOOD MORNING, DOCTOR... I AM PROFESSOR DONALD EUSTACE STARK... THE FINEST INTELLECT THIS WORLD — OR ANY OTHER — HAS EVER PRODUCED...
SHHHHHLLUPPPP!
I IMAGINE YOU'VE BEEN DYING TO MEET ME...


NOW THEN, I BELIEVE I HAVE SOMETHING YOU WANT...
SSPLUTCH!
IZZY!
A SIMPLE EXCHANGE–YOU FOR THE CHILD. IF YOU AGREE, STEP FORWARD...
I'M HERE, STARK–JUST LET HER GO!
DOCTOR, NO! DON'T TRUST HIM!
"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES"... PERHAPS I'LL JUST TAKE YOU BOTH, EH?
SSHHHLIP!
SSSSSSSS!
CO2
CO2
WHAT ARE YOU GOONS WAITING FOR, YOUR PENSIONS?
FIRE!
THE GAS ISN'T WORKING! HE-HE'S BARELY FEELING IT! WOODROW, WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!
I AM OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS, DOCTOR HOLLOWAY...
ONCE I'VE STRIPPED YOU OF YOUR FLESH... AND CONSUMED YOUR INTELLECT... I'LL BE ABLE TO CONTROL YOUR SPACE-TIME VEHICLE AND TAKE MY LEAVE OF THIS WORLD.
THERE'S AN ENTIRE UNIVERSE WAITING FOR ME, DOCTOR...
AND I PLAN TO DIGEST A GREAT DEAL OF IT...
TO BE CONCLUDED...

Timelines

compiled by **Alan Barnes**

Send your letters to Timelines, Doctor Who Magazine, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ, or e-mail us at doctorwho@marmags.demon.co.uk – marking your letter 'Timelines' in the subject line. No subscription or other general enquiries by e-mail, please.

MICHAEL CRAZE

And the missing him goes on . . .

Of course, being Michael's funeral, it had to have the humorous side. The day began with us all getting hopelessly lost trying to find the pub in Shepperton where we were to meet up. Shepperton and Sunbury were like a maze. I arrived shivering and swearing, and immediately had a double vodka, a pee and a smoke! Some people even gave up and headed straight to the crematorium.

Upon our arrival there, all the *Who* family looked handsome in their dark suits. There were so many there, old faces from the past. Pain showed in their faces. The family then arrived, and it was heart-rending to Michael's young son Ben. The bearers placed Michael's coffin – so small – onto the altar and the service began.

It started with the vicar reading a poem that Michael loved, then his sister Sarah read a poem and his brother, Peter, gave a lovely rich sharing, about his childhood, his highly successful early career, his humour in the later years when life got tough. Then we sang his favourite hymn – 'There is a green field far away, behind the city walls . . .' We all prayed, then they played the *Doctor Who* theme – and the curtains closed.

We sat in silence (and sniffing and sobbing).

The service concluded and then everyone met outside where there were all the flowers, and people were quietly hugging. We then drove to a local pub where food had been laid on, and we mingled and toasted him and recalled treasured moments – and drank!

The *Who* family were beautifully represented, with friends from the Isle of Man, Edinburgh, Wales and the United States, Wendy Padbury, Debs Watling, Gary Gillatt, Gary Russell, Paul Simpson, Keith Barnfather and Robin Prichard. Frazer and Nick were working, but sent cards to Ben which meant a lot to him. It had been the first time I saw him smile.

After the reception had finished, we all got totally lost, again, on the way back to our bed and breakfast in Shepperton, so we gave up and went to the pub, our original meeting place, where, finally we all got together, toasting Michael all the time. There was a spare chair at our table . . .

And my Christmas tree is lit
and the missing him goes on . . .

Anneke Wills

I am extremely saddened to hear the news of the death of Mike Craze. He was one of the most genuine screen stars I have ever met. I feel really privileged to have had the honour of interviewing him, along with Wendy Padbury, at the last Manopticon convention, where he came over as a very likeable, warm and sincere man.

Again, at the Recorder convention in the Isle Of Man in August '96, I was able to talk to him for over two hours in the bar about everything from the current state of the BBC to the problems of the NHS. He was that sort of a guy, you could meet him in the pub and talk to him about anything, just like one of your mates. His enthusiasm (and, at times, bewilderment at our love for this creaky old show), for the fans was most refreshing. It made him very approachable and extremely interesting person to talk to. I shall treasure those times that I met him.

We will all miss you, Mike.

Martin A Fairgrieve
via e-mail

I am certain that you will receive no shortage of tributes to Michael Craze – a talented actor, and a genuinely nice chap. I just wanted to share my own memory of Mike with you from a convention earlier this year, at which I was lucky enough to interview him. Mike was not keen to join in with our finale, 'Doctor Who's Line Is It Anyway?', saying that he was not really suited to improvisation. But all the other guests were doing it, and he felt that he might be letting them down if he didn't join in too. So he threw himself unwillingly into the spirit of the game, and gave it all he had. And, do you know, he made us laugh most of all. I will never forget Michael Craze – a man, it seems, for all seasons.

Robert A J Newton
via e-mail

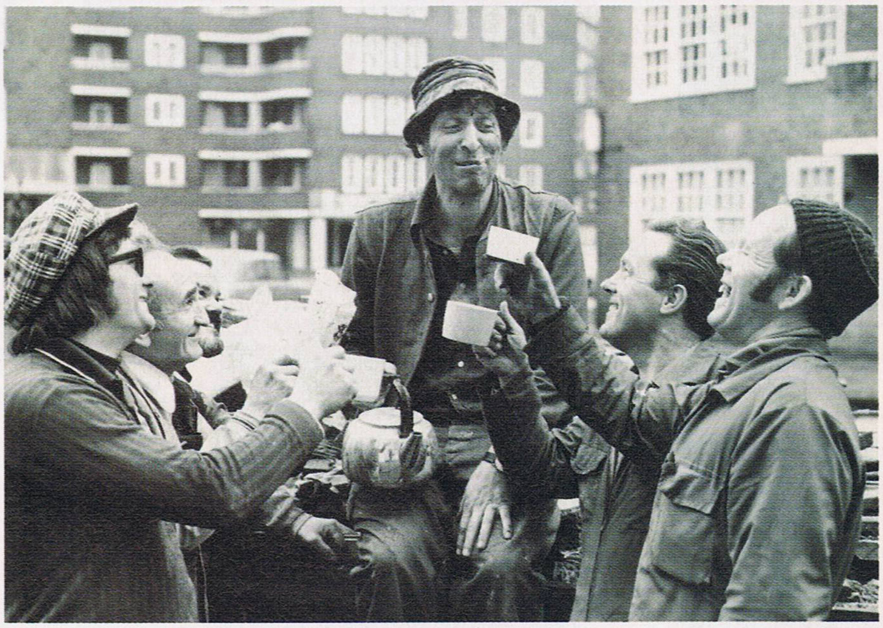
GALLIFREY 90210?

I've been a fan of the *Doctor Who* series for as long as I can remember (and I'm 32 now). One thing has puzzled me in the logic of the Doctor's age. He has on a number of times stated that he is over 700 years old. However, in the last 35 years he has had seven regenerations, and can only have a total of 13 (I think).

That means that his first body (or more, as we don't know if he had previous regenerations) survived considerably longer than his last seven – hundreds of years longer! – years-per-body wise. Is this because he had a very sheltered life and only since taking the TARDIS has put his life at risk? Although what we have seen of Gallifreyan life this would not seem possible.

You can't dismiss it by saying their were large gaps of times between the adventures we have seen, otherwise the companions would have aged greatly in between. Maybe when he refers to being over 700 years old he means he has over 700 years of memories/experience from the Matrix Data Banks, and is really a lot younger in physically lived years?

I think their is a lot of mileage in producing a TV series of *The Early Adventures of Doctor Who* – what happened when the Doctor was say the equivalent of a teenager on his planet, his early life, how he and the Master came to leave Gallifrey, etc. There is so much that could be done with the early years.



THE MAKINGS OF A FIRST-CLASS NAVVY

I have heard at various times – not least in his autobiography – that photos were taken of Tom Baker on the building site with his colleagues just after he was cast in *Doctor Who*. These photos never seem to be printed anywhere. Do they actually exist, and if so can we see one?

Robbie Mack,
Edinburgh

Yes, and yes. We aim to please.

After all, George Lucas is doing it with *Star Wars*, and look how successful that looks like it's going to be!

NS Kilabyte
via e-mail

UP THE CREEK!

In the continuing absence of new *Doctor Who* from our screens, it is some small comfort to know that the BBC is still making a series that contains some of the qualities of *Doctor Who*. I refer, of course, to *Jonathan Creek*.

The show has much to recommend it to *Doctor Who* fans: intelligent and off-the-wall scripting, a world away from the formulaic nature of most current drama series; an eccentric hero excellently played by Alan Davies who proves, as did Jon Pertwee, that a background in comedy needn't be a barrier to a more serious role; and a heroine who teams up with the lead character in a manner not unlike that of a companion.

If, therefore, the BBC ever does resurrect *Doctor Who*, I feel they could do worse than employing the *Jonathan Creek* production team. How about Alan Davies as the Ninth Doctor?

Richard Layton
Allestree, Derby

GRACE IN FAVOUR?

Ta for **DWM** 274 – storming issue. Loved Steve 'n' Chris' *But Doctor, what about the Ming-Mongs?*, but the best thing was the strip.

Many people over the years have argued that the companion's role was to be the one that asks the questions the viewer wants to know – 'What's happening?', 'Where are we?', etc. The TV Movie production team obviously intended Grace to be the companion, and thus it's terribly appropriate that in *The Fallen* Part Two Grace is shown asking the questions the viewer wants answers to, such as why was the Doctor giving out all those strange bits of information in the TV Movie.

Too often the further consequences of the Doctor's 'help' are left unexplored, yet here we see just how much of an effect a few careless slips of the tongue can be.

A great story. Ta for that.

Jonathan Miller
via e-mail

DWM, what have you done?

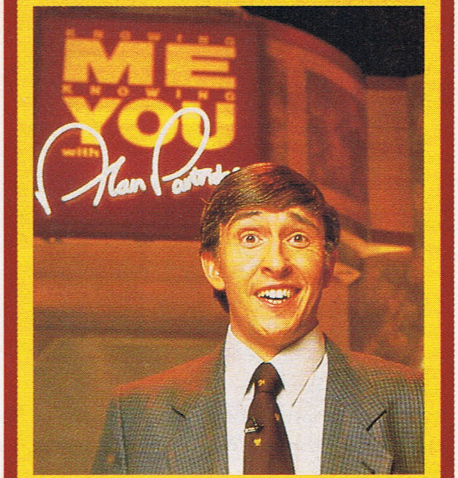
Over the last year the comic strip has been improving in leaps and bounds – and, after the fantastic *Final Chapter*, wonderful *Wormwood* and hilarious *Happy Deathday*, what happens? *The Fallen* Part One, the *Dimensions in Time* of the comic strips.

Martin Geraghty's artwork is awful – I could barely recognise the Doctor and Izzy, and the other characters were hard to recognise from one box to the next. Scott Gray's story was hard to follow, and all this joined together to make a dreadful mess.

I hope the strip improves soon, because *The Fallen* was genuinely disappointing.

Matthew Clancy,
Warrington, Cheshire

Actually, Martin lives not very far away from you, Matthew. Don't go out in the dark, will you?



AND ON THIS BOMBSHELL . . .

Could you please settle a query for me? Recently I was watching the *Hand of Fear* video, the one where Sarah gets buried following a landslide in a quarry. Correct me if I'm wrong, but was one of the explosives men in the quarry by any chance a young (pre-Alan Partridge) Steve Coogan, as the part was uncredited? I would be grateful if you could settle this curiosity of mine as this bloke's a spitting image if it's not him.

John Richardson
via e-mail

The part in question was played by either Michael Wadsworth or Carl Edwards. But we wasted a whole four-and-half minutes checking the tape out anyway. Thanks a bunch. Any more unlikely lookee-likeys, readers?

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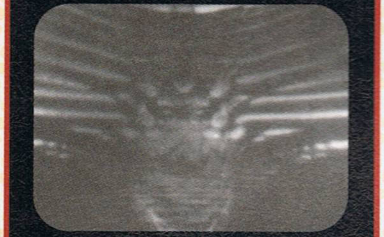
The Telesnap Archive

During the seventies, many episodes of *Doctor Who* held in the BBC archive – mainly from the early years of the programme – were destroyed by the Corporation, and have been lost forever. Fortunately, at the time of broadcast, a number of the producers and directors of these serials employed freelance photographer John Cura to obtain a series of off-screen photographs of their episodes. These photographs – known as 'telesnaps' – now form the only visual record of some of the Doctor's greatest adventures . . .

The Enemy of the World

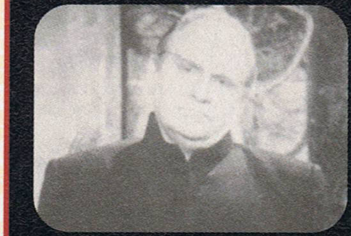
Episode 3

by David Whitaker
Directed by Barry Letts
Transmitted 6 January 1968

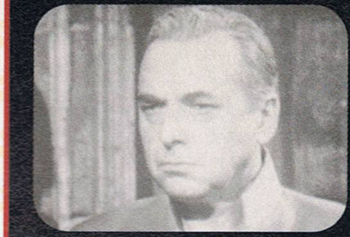


THE ENEMY
OF THE WORLD

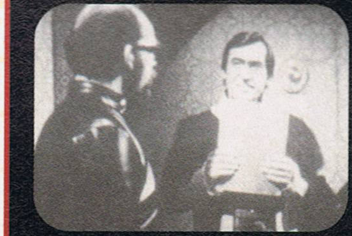
Editors' note: although The Enemy of the World *Episode 3 is the only instalment of this story to have survived the BBC archive purges, the telesnaps are presented here to preserve the narrative flow.*



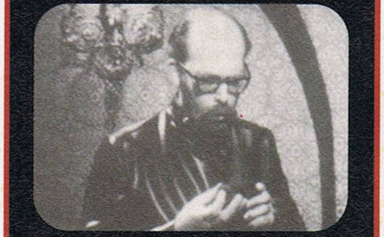
Salamander tells Bruce that he holds him responsible for the arrested Controller Denes. "Don't you trust your own security?" asks Bruce, but accepts the task. Salamander makes to go and deliver a report to the World Authority.



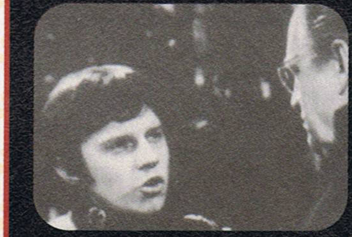
"They won't believe a word you tell them," snaps Denes. "We shall see," Salamander retorts, then leaves with Fedorin. Denes reassures Bruce that he won't cause trouble – he is looking forward to facing Salamander in court.



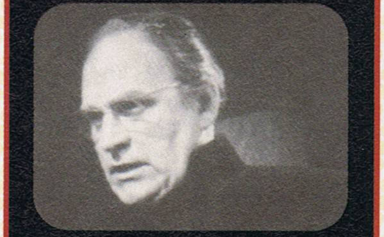
At a wall safe, Fedorin protests that Salamander's 'insurance' is blackmail, and the information he has gathered is all lies. "Lies, truth, who knows? But we wouldn't want to put it to the test, would we?" smiles Salamander, securing the dossier.



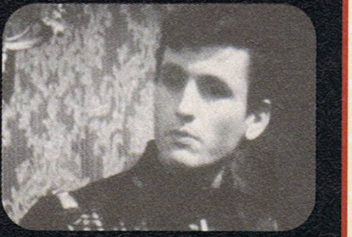
He hands Fedorin a small container from the safe. "Used in the right way, at the right time, you can dictate your own future," says Salamander, "and the future of Alexander Denes." Fedorin fumbles with the box. "P-poison?" he stammers.



Elsewhere, Bruce tries without success to learn the true nature of the conversation Jamie witnessed in Kent's office.
In a nearby corridor, Denes is kept under guard, waiting for a security hover-car to arrive.

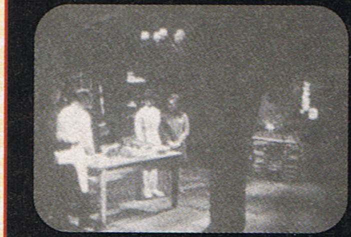


Bruce arrives, demanding to know why Denes is being kept in a corridor, and reminding the Captain and guard that Denes is not to be treated as a convicted man before his trial. "See he has whatever he wants," he instructs.



"What can I get for you?" the Captain enquires of his prisoner. "Something to eat and drink?" asks Denes, noting that they may be there for some time. "Prison rations?" remarks the young guard.

"Certainly not," the Captain says. "Nothing but the best for Controller Denes, from our Leader's own kitchens." Denes also requests something light to read. "A book on foreign travels, perhaps?" he suggests, chuckling to himself.



In the kitchens, Victoria is presented to the chef. "So you reckon you know about cooking?" the abrasive Australian enquires. Saying that she used to do a lot at home, Victoria is asked for a menu. "Now?" she says. "Yeah, now!" he replies.

"Soup . . . fish . . . meat and pudding," she fumbles. "Dessert!" he corrects. "You're a bit too smart for me," he observes, and asks her to provide him with a recipe. "What, now?" Victoria wails as she desperately tries to answer.

She remembers "a lovely pudding" containing almonds, eggs, lemon peel, candy peel, oranges and cream; to make it, you simply "whoosh it all up together". Unimpressed, the chef says that he *does* have a job for her – peeling potatoes.

"Is that the best you can do for her?" Fariah remarks. "Dinner tonight's going to be national disaster," moans the chef, Griff, returning to his stove. Victoria eagerly accepts when he tells her to write out the menu for tonight's meal . . .

"First course interrupted by bomb explosion. Second course affected by earthquakes. Third course ruined by interference in the kitchen," he dictates, before going out. Fariah advises Victoria to leave – but stops when Jamie enters.

"Finish writing those menus," she instructs before departing. Jamie tells Victoria to work Fariah for more information about Salamander – and says that Astrid is planning to rescue Denes in disguise and take him to the Doctor.

Having paused to let two guards pass by, Victoria tells Jamie that she now firmly believes Salamander to be evil. "Aye, he's bad alright," the young Scot concurs. "He's got this man Fedorin eating out of his hand."

"Why should he do that?" Victoria wonders. "Remove the honest man and put a weaker man in his place," Jamie explains. With Salamander exerting a hold on his placeman, he'd be able to take over the territory.

"And when everything's in a turmoil because of the earthquakes," she continues. "And that's lucky to say the least," Jamie notes, suspiciously. "You don't really believe that Salamander could cause earthquakes, do you?" she asks.

Meanwhile, the eruptions continue. "I'm certain Salamander's causing the earthquakes," Kent asserts as he and the Doctor watch the events in Hungary via a monitor. "Why make earthquakes?" the Doctor wonders.

Years ago, Kent explains, when one country wanted to invade another, it set about throwing its target into confusion, making it weak and ripe for takeover: "Now isn't that exactly what's happening here, only in a different way?"

Kent is implying that Salamander has found a way to harness the natural forces of the Earth. "It's a little difficult to accept," the Doctor says. Kent believes that this power is being directed from inside Salamander's research station.

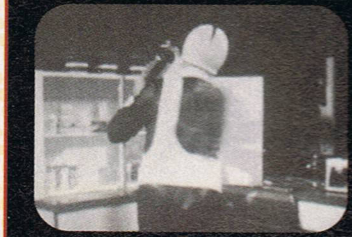
Kent's suspicions were aroused by the money being spent at the research station: "the materials involved, the food stores, it didn't make sense." But all the incriminating documents he had were destroyed and replaced . . .

The sound of an approaching siren causes Kent alarm: "Security!" he exclaims – and, lifting one of the bench seats, bundles the Doctor into the storage space below. "I hope there's plenty of air in here," the Doctor remarks.

Benik enters suddenly, demanding to know what Kent is doing there. "Bird-watching, no doubt?" he remarks, picking up a pair of binoculars. "There's a perfect view of the research station from here," he notes.

Benik then notices a portrait of Kent dressed in a guard's uniform. "Well, well, well," remarks Benik, "a memento of the old days." He smashes it against the table. "You have no right to . . ." starts Kent, lunging at his tormentor.

A guard enters and Kent backs away. "You can't make me leave here," Kent asserts angrily. Benik motions to the guard, who goes to the kitchen area and smashes the dishes in the sink. Kent launches himself at the guard.



The guard throws him to the floor and, opening a cupboard, uses the butt of his rifle to smash the crockery inside. "Well, there's not much point in your staying here now, is there?" Benik remarks.

Benik and the guard depart. Kent releases the Doctor: "Now do you believe the sort of people we're up against?" The Doctor says they are unpleasant, but not necessarily evil. "Why won't you believe me?" Kent cries.

"Sad really, isn't it?" the Doctor remarks, toying with the china pieces. "People spend all their time making nice things, and other people come along and break them." Kent tries again to impress his claims upon the Doctor . . .

Astrid walks briskly along the corridors of the European zone headquarters.

The young guard halts her. Astrid says she has an urgent message for Salamander. "Your pass?" he asks. Denes notes Astrid's presence. "You have not been here before," says the guard, examining the pass.

He warns her not to run in future. Astrid takes back her pass, but the guard calls her back. "You like wine?" he asks. "My name is Yanos. We drink wine together tonight?" Astrid reminds him she has a message to deliver . . .

"I'll come back," she promises seductively. As she turns to go, she meets the Captain – who demands to see the message. "It's private and personal," she maintains. "I don't want to read it," says the Captain, ordering her not to move.

"I have to deliver this to Salamander personally," she says. The Captain asks again to see the message. Astrid hands him the note. Satisfied, he returns it, saying he is sure he knows her from somewhere. A sudden noise distracts him.

Denes has dropped his book. "I think I must have dropped off," he apologises as Yanos picks it up. The Captain turns back, but Astrid has gone. He looks back at Denes – who coughs quietly and returns to his book.

In the kitchen, Jamie breaks away from his meal as Astrid enters, saying she intends to rescue Denes. "There are guards everywhere," warns Victoria – but Astrid maintains they must try.

She only gets to telling Jamie that she needs him to create a diversion at precisely 11 o'clock when Griff returns, followed by Fariah, who asks after Denes' food. Griff says that it is ready and goes outside again.

Jamie and Victoria ask Fariah if she likes working for Salamander. "Sometimes we do what we have to do, not what we want to do," she says. "You don't have to work for Salamander," Jamie counters.

"What do you know about it?" she says angrily. "To you Salamander is a god, isn't he? The saviour of the world – that's why you work for him. You saved his life, didn't you?" Jamie is lost for words.

Elsewhere, Bruce learns that the Leader has no sympathy for Denes. "Who's going to control this zone now? Fedorin?" Bruce asks. "Oh, what a good idea," muses Salamander. Victoria sets off from the kitchen . . .

. . . with Denes' food, but she collides with Fedorin – who, while smelling the dishes, surreptitiously removes the salt cellar. "Where's the salt?" he asks. Victoria heads back, flustered.

Nervously, Fedorin takes out the poison and takes a pinch between his fingers. Meanwhile, the Captain tells Salamander that the girl in the messenger's uniform was the same girl he saw in the park the day before.

Salamander tells the Captain to allow Astrid to escape and find out where she goes. Victoria and Fariah arrive with Denes' food. The Captain and Fariah promptly return to the kitchen.

"What's the time?" Victoria asks Denes. "Six minutes to 11," he replies. She asks if she may stay with him. "Yes, of course. I'd be glad of your company," he replies, but begs her forgiveness as he starts his meal.

A quivering Fedorin admits to Salamander that he was unable to bring himself to use the poison. "There must be some other way?" pleads Fedorin. Salamander suddenly laughs and jovially tells him not to worry.

Salamander invites Fedorin to sit down and have a drink – but, unnoticed, places some of the powder in a glass. Handing Fedorin the poisoned glass, he remarks, "I have an alternative."

"Your health," Salamander announces as Fedorin sips. "I hope you'll appreciate this wine. It's made for me especially in Alaska," he adds as Fedorin relaxes and takes another mouthful.

Fedorin suddenly chokes and grips at his own throat. Rising to his feet, he gasps for words but cannot speak. As he falls backwards the glass slips from his fingers and crashes to the floor.

"One chance, my friend," Salamander spits with contempt. "I said, one chance." The Captain reports that Jamie has seen an intruder in the gardens – then notices the body. "Suicide, of course," remarks Salamander.

In the kitchen, Jamie informs Griff he can see an armed man in the trees; he tells Griff to send the guards out when they arrive. Shots ring out. "This is just about the end of a perfect day," Griff complains, diving for cover.

In the corridor, Astrid overpowers Yanos; Denes gets up to follow her. The Captain and group of guards enter; opening fire, they shoot Denes in the back. Astrid flees, but Victoria hampers the guards with her trolley.

Jamie and Victoria are taken to Salamander. "Pretending to save my life was ingenious," he snarls, "but ingenuity requires a constant stream of new ideas. Yours seem to have dried up." The two friends are led away.

Bruce says he thought after seeing Salamander and Jamie in Kent's office that they were working together. "What are you talking about?" Salamander replies; he hasn't seen Kent for months . . .

"It was you!" Bruce stresses, but then becomes more hesitant. "Or," he admits, "someone like you . . ."

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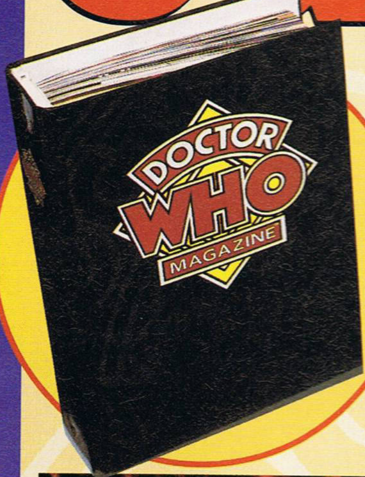
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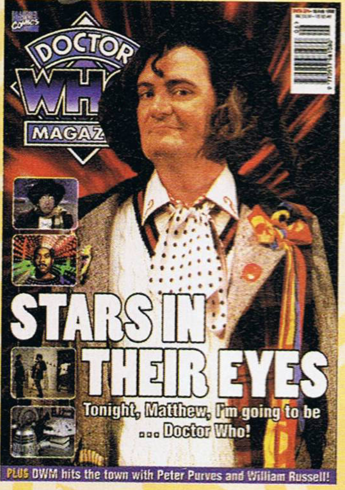
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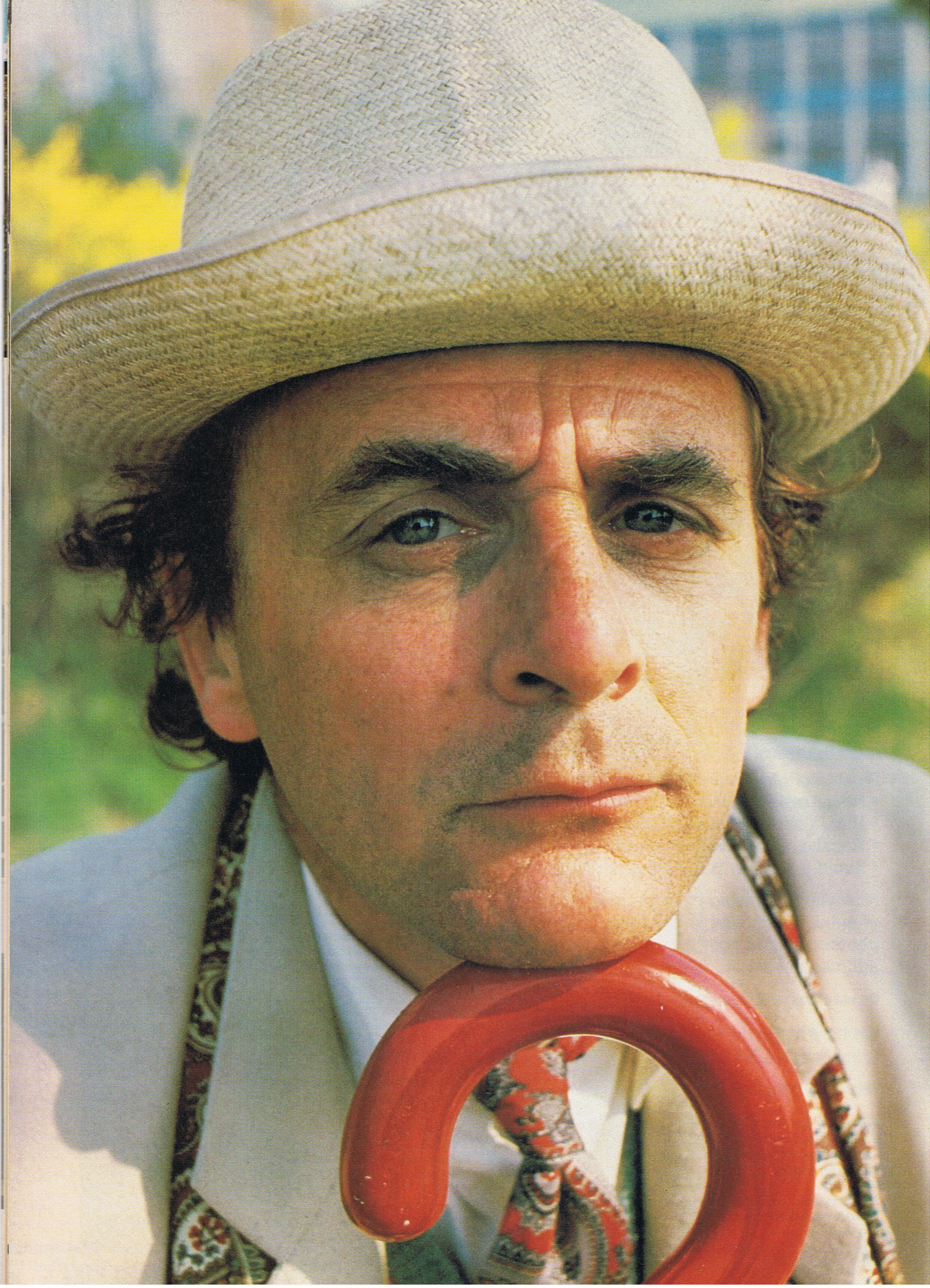


And now for something completely different

What's this? Terrance Dicks slipping old Monty Python gags inside *New Adventures* novels? Peter Griffiths puts the *Doctor Who* stalwart in a comfy chair as we begin the final part of DWM's grand inquisition . . .

A glorious few months in the first half of 1996 aside, this decade has seen new *Doctor Who* defined primarily as 'a book thing'. And who else would be at the forefront of a new range of original novels but Terrance Dicks, a man who had been so keenly involved both with the series on television and the novelisations of its stories?

The year was 1991, and Terrance was asked by Peter Darvill-Evans, the editor of the Virgin *Doctor Who* range, to pen the second in the linked sequence of four books which would kick off the series. "I think I'd have been happier doing the first book in the range rather than the second, as there were a lot of 'givens', lots of stuff which had to be included because the Timewyrm story arched over the four books. I decided to base *Timewyrm: Exodus* around the Nazis, which, along with vampires, are one of my recurring passions. I must try and get them together in the same book one day!

"I didn't know Ace well, so I went and watched The Curse of Fenric several times . . ."

"A fascinating point in history for me has always been 1940, and Dunkirk. At that point, as Hitler said, the English had lost the war but didn't have the sense to see it. We were offered a deal which we should have taken – except that the world would have been given over to tyranny, and Western civilisation as we know it would have ended. That's the one great British moment in history, and it's always interested me to explore what would have happened if it had gone the other way.

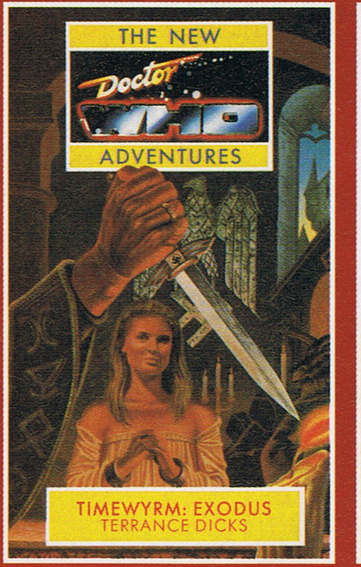
"I'm not in any way pro- the Nazis, of course, but they do fascinate me. What an incredible gang of crooks! They were a gang of deadbeat, shifty revolutionaries having meetings in beer halls and punch-ups with the Communists, and they got control of the country, then Europe. They as near as dammit got the world. We now know this was because Hitler was possessed by an alien entity! It's perfectly true, too, that the Nazis were mad on the occult – Himmler and the SS spent a fortune trying to discover occult secrets in Tibet, that sort of thing."

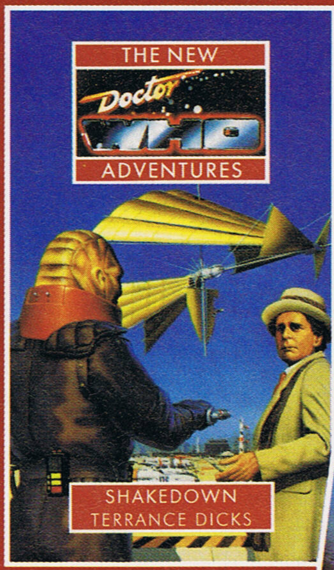
Terrance captures Sylvester McCoy's Doctor perfectly in *Exodus*, so it's surprising to learn that this involved little research. "Surface mannerisms and clothes change from Doctor to Doctor, but he's always the same man underneath. I remember I met Bob Holmes once, after I'd left *Doctor Who*. He was writing at a time when they weren't sure who the next Doctor was going to be, but he didn't find that difficult. 'The Doctor's always the Doctor,' he said. I had also met and knew Sylvester, who I thought was the best choice of Doctor for some time. He had a lot of the qualities of Patrick [Troughton], and could be funny or impressive depending on what was required. I didn't, on the other hand, know Ace well, so I asked people about a good story to watch for her character, and the consensus was *The Curse of Fenric*, which I went and watched several times."

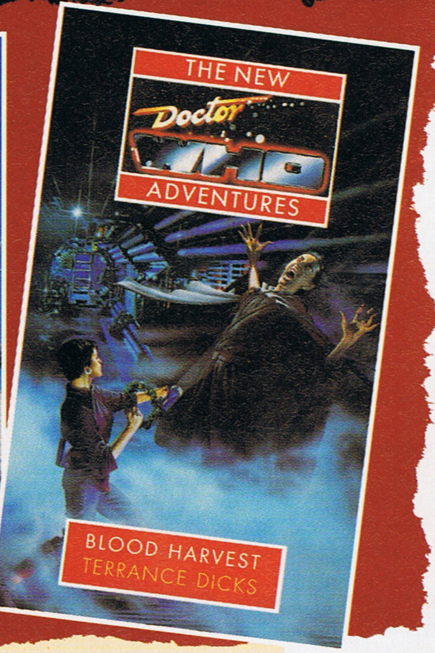
Exodus has proven enduringly popular – something Terrance accepts with typical modesty. "One is never quite sure, but I've gathered that *Exodus* is quite popular. I'm very pleased about that, because it was a tricky thing, my first full *Doctor Who* novel. It's colossally harder work than a novelisation. All you've got is the writer's great dread, the sheet of blank paper. You'd think it would get easier, too, but I find each book just as much hard work as the previous one. It takes me about three of four months to write a novel, which comes as a horrid shock to me every time. I never learn. It's no use doing my usual trick of sitting up all day and all night to catch up, because it's like a mountain."

Virgin contacted Terrance about a second book a year-and-a-half later. The result was *Blood Harvest*, which featured a return to the planet of the vampires which Terrance had established in the television story *State of Decay*. "I've been accused of too often revisiting old patches," he says, "but it's something I like to do. I brought back the War Lords – Kreigsleiter and his mob – to flesh out the rest of *Exodus*. Again, it may be laziness, but if you've created some good characters and a good environment, you want to use them again. Why go to all the agony of thinking up

State of Decay







something new? I have an affection for the vampire planet, so I wanted to return and see how the characters were getting on. You can add to the scenario and fill in details.

"I also wanted to bring back Romana. She had floated off in this rather weird way to help the Tharils at the end of . . . *Warriors' Gate*? I always felt that the departure of companions after my time was not handled all that well, Romana being a case in point, so I wanted to look at how she got on. She was such a nice contrast with Bernice Summerfield – one's rather 'loose' and gawky and stroppy, and the other's extremely neat and precise."

The novel's other strand sees the Doctor and Ace holed up in 1930s Chicago, allowing Terrance to indulge another of his interests. "I love gangsters. There's a very good book by Kenneth Allsop called *The Bootleggers*, about the Chicago gang wars of the twenties and thirties. It's very much like medieval Italy, with lots of little barons having wars with each other. I've always loved Raymond Chandler and that kind of *noir* writer, so to be able to pay homage to them, with shootouts in speakeasys and so on, was great fun.

"You see, I always try to write the kind of book I like to read, which is action-adventure with some humour. I write all my books for me, in a sense. Time goes by, and it can sometimes be up to six months before you get your free copies. When I get mine, I always sit down and read my books. I've probably done two more in the interim, and the acid test is whether I enjoy them. I have to admit I always do."

The route to Terrance's next book, *Shakedown*, was more circuitous, having started life as the script for a straight-to-video spin-off from *Doctor Who* featuring the Sontarans. The decision to 'novelise' and expand the story came from Rebecca Levene, the editor who succeeded Peter Darvill-Evans. "Of course it was Virgin's idea – it's never my idea to do any work! As for the video, it's that thing of fans who grew up reading my books now working in the business, and giving me a job. The producers came to me with a proposal for a video, and wanted me to write the script. It was a ridiculously difficult project – very little time and resources, no money – and I had to write it very quickly, but it was good fun.

"Given their resources, I think it's a miracle that there was a finished result, and it's actually pretty good. It appears to have been well-received, and it's done well from a sales point of view. I've had royalties from it, which I fully never expected to get. Another independent producer, Keith Barnfather, came to me just recently for another script, *Mindgame*, which is essentially three aliens trapped in a lift. *Shakedown* is an epic in comparison! Again, I did it for the fun of it, the challenge of working with no resources or money and only a few simple special effects."

Not being able to think of a tactful way of putting this, I ask straight out – does it concern Terrance that *Doctor Who* may be cheapened by the glut of straight-to-video spin-offs available? He thinks about this. "In a perfect world, I would wish *Doctor Who* to be a top-rating BBC show going out at 6.00pm every Saturday night. In a less than perfect world, you have to take what you can get. Fans are a small but important subgroup when there's a show, but when there's no show, in a sense the fans are all there is. I feel *Who* is big enough to survive these things, but I take the point."

There is little doubt that the original novels have been a positive development in the *Doctor Who* pantheon. Terrance admits to being amazed by their success. "When I was told they were doing a book a month, I said, 'You're mad! The market will never support it.' After a bit, they turned around and said, 'Now we're doing two a month.' I talked to Peter Darvill-Evans in the early days about novels with all the different Doctors, but he told me that the books were supposed to be a continuation of the television series. When they started the *Missing Adventures*, I said to him, 'It takes a big man to admit he was wrong!'"

The style of many of Virgin's *New Adventures*, and now the BBC Books novels, contrasts sharply with Terrance's more traditional approach. Does he ever feel, well, left behind? "I think I'm a sort of dinosaur when it comes to *Doctor Who*, but people are quite fond of dinosaurs. They come around and give a pat every so often! A lot of the writers of the *New Adventures* came out of fandom, and are very often first-time writers. It's the first thing they've done, and they're desperate to prove themselves, and to be creative and original. The books provide a tremendous opportunity for writers. I used to say at conventions, 'Look, you're never going to write for *Doctor Who*, so just forget about it.' The number of people who have confuted me on that now is embarrassing!"

Extending the argument, is it wise for *Doctor Who* to so heavily feed off its fans? "It's a mistake to have *Doctor Who* for and by fandom, and that's a tendency which needs to be watched. There's a danger in becoming too convoluted and incestuous about it. I was once on a panel with a lot of the younger writers, and it struck me that they all wanted to do something to *Doctor Who*, whereas I just want to do *Doctor Who*, and be true to the spirit of the show. I like linear and straightforward narratives. Ian Fleming [creator of James Bond] said that the reader should always know where he is, what's going on, who's talking and what it's all about. I adhere to that, which a lot of the newer writers don't at all. Writing is what you are, and Paul Cornell has his style, just as I have mine."

Is Terrance ever tempted to 'do a Cornell' in his writing? "Well, one could say that we each like the way the other one writes, but we neither of us wants to do it. There have to be people like me to do it straight down the line, to establish the rules so that other people can break them. By the same token, I'm not immune to the influences of today. Paul said somewhere that Terrance occasionally shows touches of the postmodern, and that's true. There's a bit in [*Exodus*] where the Doctor is posing as the Reichsinspektor General, a high-ranking Nazi official who pops up anywhere, like the Grand Inquisitor. The general says, 'I didn't expect the Reichsinspektor General,' and it suddenly struck me that this sounded like *Monty Python*, so I had the Doctor say, 'Nobody expects the Reichsinspektor General!' It's that kind of minor self-referential thing that crops up in my writing now."

"I'm a sort of dinosaur when it comes to Doctor Who – but people are fond of dinosaurs!"

When the fiction licence reverted back to the BBC from Virgin, Terrance was, naturally, on deck for the new range. "The BBC had never valued *Doctor Who*, which is why they always farmed it out. BBC Enterprises realised in 1996 that Virgin were doing two novels a month and making money from it, so they cheerfully stole back the whole procedure, lock stock and barrel! They hired young Steve Cole as editor, and he in turn asked me to do the first book. I 'transferred', as it were, though there was a time when I had a foot in both camps, doing a Bernice *New Adventure* [*Mean Streets*] for Virgin and *The Eight Doctors* for the BBC. Rebecca Levene and Steve were both happy with that arrangement."

Terrance explains the thinking behind *The Eight Doctors* – incidentally, the best-selling original *Doctor Who* novel of all. "The obvious thing to do was start off with a book that introduced the series to people who might not know the show or previous novels too well. The idea came to me that the new Doctor could lose

Terrance goes to Hollywood?

Something which is not particularly well known is that Terrance was in the running to pen the script for the 1996 Paul McGann TV Movie. "I was under consideration," he confirms. "Jean-Marc Lofficier, an old mate of mine who lives in Los Angeles [and writer of several non-fiction books on *Doctor Who*], phoned me up in a state of great excitement. He said [adopts comic French accent], 'Terrance, I have been talking to Philip Segal, and they want you to write the script for the *Doctor Who* movie.' Jean-Marc was acting as a kind of PR/liaison for Segal in the early days. I was deeply sceptical, but I sent over the books and scripts that they requested.

"Philip came over to England, and he and one of his cohorts bought me a very nice lunch. He said, 'I would like you to do it, as I think you're the best person for the job, but I'm under great pressure from the Fox network to use an American writer.' No offer was made, and he was absolutely straight with me. He asked if I'd be able to go to Hollywood, and I said, 'I'm sure I can fit you in somewhere!'

"He later phoned up and told me that the president of Fox Television wanted an American writer with an American TV track record, and was pushing for Matthew Jacobs. That was fine – I said, 'Thank you for thinking of me, and thank you for lunch.' I never really believed it would happen, and I said to Barry [Letts] afterwards, 'If I had done it, what would be the chances that it would have been a happy experience?' It would have gone through 17 rewrites and no end of hassles.

"When it was all done, Barry and I were invited to go to the preview in our capacity as grand old men of *Doctor Who*. We both desperately wanted the film to work. It started off pretty well with all that *ER* stuff, and the thing they really got right was the casting of Paul McGann, but as it went on, we just sat there grinding our teeth. That ending made no sense, with Grace fiddling around under the TARDIS console. We came out looking grim, and a BBC executive who I knew slightly said, 'Well, Terrance, what did you think of it?' 'Incoherent crap!' I responded. I then thought perhaps I'd better go before I said something tactless!"

THE NEW ADVENTURES
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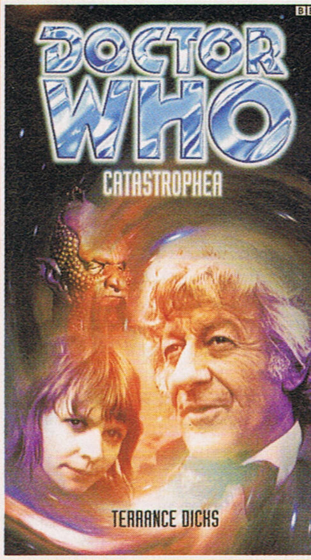

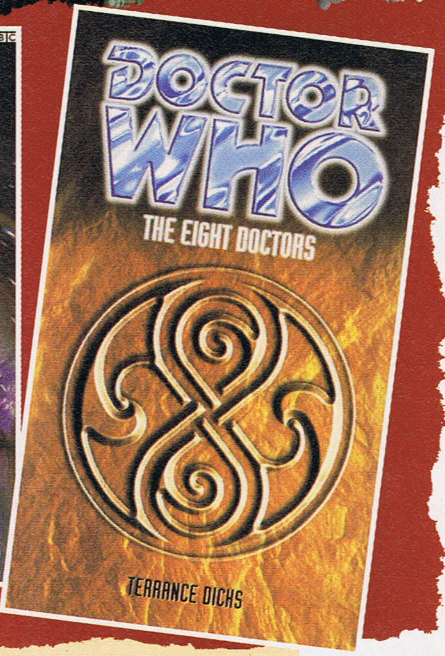

his memory and have to visit all the others to regain it. It gives the Doctor a quest, and some diversity . . .” And allows Terrance to revisit old patches! “Yes, exactly! You’ve got to be careful with other people’s copyright, so I mostly used things that were mine, or which I knew I wouldn’t be a problem. I said to Barry [Letts], ‘Do you mind if I do a kind of sequel to *The Dæmons*?’ He said, ‘Fine.’

“I had to decide at which point the Doctor would meet his other selves, and that was easy with the Hartnell Doctor, because I’ve always loved the bit in the first story where the Doctor picks up a rock and wanders over to the wounded caveman. It’s played down, but it’s fairly obvious he’s going to knock him off. The Doctor was never quite that ruthless again, so I thought it would be nice to deal with this, and have the Eighth Doctor turn up and talk him round.”

Part of Terrance’s job in *The Eight Doctors* was crafting and introducing Sam, the Eighth Doctor’s companion. “Since I wanted the Doctor to go back to Totter’s Lane, I had the idea of recreating the beginning of the series, with the Doctor picking up the pupil and the two teachers. In the end we went with just the pupil. Subservient and screaming you can’t get away with now, and I wouldn’t want to in any case, so she was stroppy, aggressive and streetwise. One of the things that makes me chuckle in the book is her reaction to the TARDIS, where she just accepts it because [stories of alien abduction] are so much a part of our culture now.”

“I always try to write the kind of book which I like to read, which is action-adventure with a bit of humour . . .”

Terrance was persuaded by Steve Cole to next tackle a previous Doctor novel, and where better to make for than ‘his’ Doctor, the Third? That book was *Catastrophea*, which Terrance describes as “very old-fashioned, standard *Who* – but that seemed to be the brief.” His next book, due out in April, is called *Players*. “It’s a period piece, set in the thirties. A mysterious group of manipulators are playing games with human life, and the young Winston Churchill plays a part in the story. That’s all I’m saying.”

Terrance Dicks’ contribution to *Doctor Who*, in every medium, has been simply phenomenal. The series, in turn, has been a huge concern in his life. “The job on the television programme came about by chance – it could have been any series, but fortunately it was *Who*. I didn’t expect to stay as long as five years, and then I got into the novelisations, and occasionally I would be asked to come back and write a script. Now there are the novels. It’s never gone away, and has been the main element in any kind of career I can claim to have. I’ve written just as many other children’s books as *Doctor Who* books, but no-one ever asks me about them. I accept that quite cheerfully, and am content to bask in the show’s reflected glory.”

Will there ever be a day when the well runs dry? “God, I hope not. I’m touching wood as we speak. All I can say is that writing these books doesn’t get any easier. Every time I sit down to write, I think, ‘Can I pull another rabbit out of the hat?’ Thankfully, with every book I’ve had back, I’ve sat down and read them through with great pleasure thinking, ‘This is good stuff.’”

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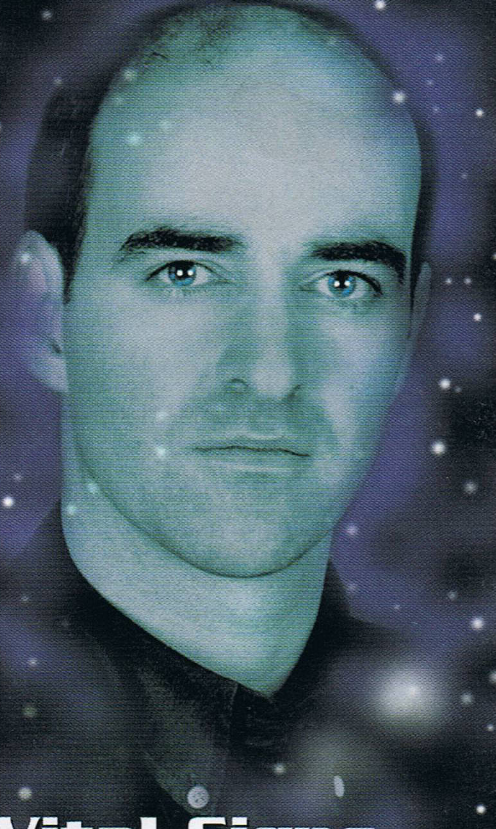

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